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THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

TO HATTIE.

BY H. T.

How sweet would the reflection be!
How much of grief would it repay!
To think, fair one, I am, by thee,
Remember'd still though far away.

The same bright sun above the sky,
On thee as well as me doth shine,
The same sweet breeze that dances by,
Fans thy fair brow as well as mine.

And when I gaze on moon and star,
Which all my tender fancies woo—
They brighter, sweeter seem, though far,
That fancy sees thee gazing too.

Am I forgot, like something past,
Or dost thou sometimes kindly deign,
One pleasant thought to me to cast,
That calls me to thy side again?

Oh! do not let me be forgot,
I'd rather we had never met.
I ask but this—deny me not—
Remember me till I forget.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

WOOED AND WON.

A Fancy Sketch.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

The stage had not yet crossed the bridge which spans the little stream to the right as you enter the village of Melborne Cross. Village! did I say? Then was it the smallest specimen of a village—if the prettiest withal—that the sun might shine in a day's rounds. It was a village in the superlative sense of smallness. There was the blacksmith's shop from whence a continual clatter escaped, while it lasted—about one hour out of the twenty-four—for the old-man who made the sparks fly was wealthy now, and kept up the old music that had put health into his veins and money into his purse, only to keep alive pleasant recollections, and to prevent him rusting out entirely. Then there was the parsonage, and the church, toward which of a Sabbath morning the country for ten or fifteen miles round sent forth tidy, happy damsels, and trim, well-dressed beaus—comely matrons, and hale, solid fathers—laughing childhood and smiling old-age. Then there was Mr. Clinton's beautiful house; and the poor widow Turner's shattered one—shattered and tottering, yet not through neglet—and cheerful and neat withal, because of the sunshiny, contented heart that dwelt within. Add to these two neat cottages, in one of which dwelt old Mr. Blodger, and his housekeeper, and Mr. Blodger's son—a tall, slim youth of twenty, and Mr. Blodger's daughter, a lively lass just turned of fifteen:—while the other was occupied by—well, if I must begin with the bright particular star of the neat, little cottage, as she was also the star of the whole village, it was Lucy Read. Lucy dwelt there, and her mother, and her uneasy wheezy old uncle who would never let the little beauty have a moment's peace with his sly, softly-artful ways. Once upon a time I had been particularly attentive at the widow Read's beautiful cottage. How it had been rewarded the reader shall learn.

This was our village. It was cosy and comfortable; beautiful in its every day associations and companionships; and grand and picturesque in the noble scenery with which Nature had surrounded it. Mary Mitford's encomiastic picturings of her own "Our Village"—the sweet Berkshire Hamlet of her coinning, home-like sketches—might be laid at the very doors of the little community of Melborne Cross:—

"—— a small neighborhood, far in the country, not of fine mansions finely peopled, but of cottages and cottage-like houses, 'messuages or tenements,' as a friend of mine calls such ignoble and nondescript dwellings, with inhabitants whose faces are as familiar to us as the flowers in our garden; a little world of our own, close-packed and insulated like ants in an ant-hill, or bees in a hive, or sheep in a fold, or nuns in a convent, or sailors in a ship; where we know every one, are known to every one, interested in every one, and authorised to hope that every one feels and interest in us."

"—— an interest in us!" Ah! that's it! But why wasn't I "authorized to hope" that Miss Lucy had "an interest" in me? Softly now!

Should any of my readers desire to know in which of the dwellings I had described, I, Tom Walker, had eked out the first twenty-one years of an existence half happy—when Lucy smiled on me, half not—when she did not smile, I will tell him. The stage has not yet reached the bridge; and while three hearts in the widow Read's cottage are waiting for the truant's return—is one of those hearts beating more anxiously than the rest? I will take the reader back with me a few years.

And this just reminds me—how did I forget it?—that there was, or had been, for I could not know that it was there now, a little one storied place, with deep gabled roofs, and low windows that were well nigh covered up with honey-suckles and clambering rose-vines; and a little yard with a wicket gate in front leading out upon the old road—a sweet, little cottage, where poor Tom Walker and his one sister lived. I need not trouble my readers with a recital of the various casualities that deprived us one by one, of the dear ones who had made of the little cottage a paradise, till we two alone were left. Neither need I tell him how many brave plans I had formed for my sister's comfort, nor how I awoke once from the dream that was growing so beautiful to find myself still further alone, and that sister sleeping the sleep of death. When the last sad act was done,—

"Was said and sung the service brief,"

and the villagers were departing one by one to their homes, then the widow Read, backed by the shuffling and gouty kindness of her brother, Lucy's uncle, gently insisted that I should go with them, and make my home in the sweet little dwelling that contained one who, they promised, should be to me another sister.

I was not yet eighteen, and forthwith began to devote myself assiduously to study and making love to Lucy—especially the latter. Good uncle Ben, who was really a well informed and traveled man, notwithstanding his gouty infirmities aided me immensely in the former, while in the love-making—well who ever needed aid at that, when a laughing, teasing, bewitching beauty was the will-o'-the-wisp, and a sensitive, eighteen-year old boy the fool of a pursurer. And yet I progressed more slowly in that which required no aid and would admit of none. Lucy might have given me a few lessons, but would not, and I couldn't ask her.

She was shy of me at first, but gradually warmed into a full sympathy with my lonely condition, until her expanding heart told her either that I loved her or she loved me. Perhaps I grew over-bold, but certain it is that an instantaneous change came over the deportment of the little beauty.

Neither was it such a change as left me any hope. I could have borne her avoidance, but she did not avoid me. She threw herself more than ever into my society only to ridicule or torment me. I was forever the butt of some joke, or the fool of some whim. Her mischievous spirit was never at a loss for some fresh plan of ingenuity with which to torment her victim; and her influence among her companions was so contagious that I soon became the standing butt of the village. I hoped that Time would cure her, and that she secretly loved me in earnest, but was too proud to let me know it without first requiring of me a heavy sacrifice. I didn't approve of the method of immolation yet would cheerfully have borne it to win her. But month after month rolled away, and I only saw my hopes receding. I expostulated with the heartless fair one, but she laughed the more; I grew angry, and she asked me by what right of privilege I demanded better treatment; and like any other poor simpleton in love, I believed I had no right, and loved her more foolishy than ever.

It was to my particular discomfort and chagrin that my thoughtless charmer took under her especial protection the tall, slim youth that lived in the house with Mr. Blodger and his housekeeper—Mr. Blodger's only and adorable son, Blink Blodger. This thick-headed youth—reader I was not jealous—was my most decided aversion; and while my tolerant spirit inflamed his own animosity, it gave to Lucy the power to torment me in a hundred ways she dreamed not of before. She took particular delight in slighting me for this shallow-pated numbskull; and often has she invited me to accompany her to a villager's, when, at the last moment, the redoubtable Blink has blinked himself upon my astonished presence, and blinked himself away again as quickly with my fair one tucked under his arm.

Once I ventured to chide her upon her conduct, and want of heart, and I thought I had touched a chord of feeling within her:—

"O Lucy!" I said, "why do you treat me so? Why do you slight one who adores you! Give me at least the attention you bestow on others who cannot love as I do!"

After these silly protestations I expected the usual rebuff from the thoughtless beauty—I never looked for anything else—but for once my sorrow and distress appeared to touch her. I thought I detected a tear in her eye, and a quivering at her lip. She did not look up, and I seized the golden opportunity to pour into her ear the tale of my passion. I took her hand in mine and she did not resist, and with all the eloquence I could command I poured forth as earnest a tale of devotion and love,—

"And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long,"

as ever a young heart uttered, that has felt the wavering hopes and fears that I had felt. She raised her eyes to mine, and I was about to clasp her to my heart when her clear, silvery laugh shook me from head to foot, and recalled me to myself. What balance of my shattered faculties was wanting I was speedily put in complete repossession of as her cruel words dropped into my ear like molten drops from a tallow candle:—

"When you have leisure, sir, if you will have the kindness to write down your speech as prettily as you have said it, I shall give it the attention it requires!"

Another moment and I rushed from the presence of my heartless persecutor. Another moment and I was away in my own room wrapped in the bitterest reflection, and meditating something serious. Another moment and I was resolved—and, that night, silently and sorrowfully I crept away from the house, and my native village, with the firm determination never to set foot in either again.

But I could not wholly give up Lucy. Do not be surprised then that after the wanderings of a few months, a letter, not wholly couched in a repentant tone either, as I had nothing to repent about, left my voluntary place of exile, and crossed three thousand miles of the earth's surface that lay between my adored one and me, and wound up in the hands of uncle Ben. I shall not stop to describe the spasmodic yet affectionate reply I got from Uncle Ben, jerked out in short, gouty sentences, after the most approved epigrammatic fashion, yet full of the kindly words I was longing for, and the gossip of the village I desired to hear. Most of all was I glad to learn that Lucy had absolutely and finally discarded her tall slim beau. I did not believe this was out of compliment to myself; but, as I put an emphasis on the welcome intelligence, I blessed the good old man who so kindly, if innocently, removed a load from my heart. It may be supposed that I returned forthwith to my forsaken charmer; but not so. I did not know that she was repentant, for Uncle Ben said not a word about that—how should he know that I cared to hear it—and further if the minx was really sorry for her old ways, it was my turn now. So my answer went back full of buoyant hope over the brilliant prospects of advancement that were opening before me, full of the recital of my adventures, and full of love for Uncle Ben and his sister; but never a word said I about Lucy. I had learned somewhat since I had fled her presence. Three years had I suffered on her account. I was determined she should atone with interest, double and compound. So I wandered seven years, and in all that time had not sent her one word of love, and, of course received none. Once only had Ben said, from the manner in which she broke hearts and demolished suitors he was satisfied she either had no heart, or, too much. If the latter, he said he knew not where the balance of the account could stand if not to the credit of the truant. But then Uncle Ben didn't know, and—that little piece of strategy of his had the good effect to prolong my absence two years.

But the stage is on the bridge now, and for the first time in eight years the eyes of Tom Walker are gladdened at the sight of the old, familiar village. A long reach of wood, that, for several miles stretched out its broad expanse, divided only by the stage road we traveled, had kept my eyes from feasting upon the scene until the last moment; but we at length emerged from the thick darkness, and touched the bridge at one and the same instant. It may be forgiven me that my first eager glance was turned toward the one house of all others most interesting to me, and that I sought to cover in one quick, earnest view each spot I so well remembered. It may be forgiven me too that I started a little, when, rising from the shrubbery that covered in the porch in front of Mrs. Read's cottage, the rapidly retreating form of a woman glided into the house. Ah! it was Lucy! I knew that! And at her old tricks already. She had heard the rumbling wheels of the stage and instinctively took up her old tantalizing spirit by passing into the house that I might not enjoy myself in gazing upon her.

But how tall she had grown, how womanly, how graceful! I involuntarily felt a quaking at the heart lest amid all my travel in foreign parts I had not kept pace with the grace and polish that her native air alone had given her. Then I remembered the awkward youth I was when I left her, with all my bashfulness and boyish shame, and I caught hope again at the contrast.

A tall and lank young man sitting dreamily on a fence, and gazing lovingly toward the spot Lucy had left, disturbed not the equanimity I felt, nor ruffled the serenity I was determined should guide me in my introduction into the presence of the grown-up beauty, though it needed not a second glance to tell me that the luckless individual was none other than Mr. Blink Blodger. Alas! he looked dejected enough. The pain I once felt in his presence was now transferred to his own slim shoulders, for he was irretrievably caught in the toils in which I had been so erully meshed, and without my power to break from them. He was in love, and love of the dismallest kind. It needed not a second glance to tell that.

The stage dashed rapidly up to the door, and while the driver singled out my baggage amid the piles on the top and at rear, I made an uncerimonious *entree* into the house. Uncle Ben, more limping and gouty than ever, was hobbling toward the door through the broad, open hall, and I nearly overturned him ere I could see that he required more tender treatment than of old. Nothwithstanding my inciyility the old man gave me a hearty greeting, backed by the warm and earnest welcome of the dear old lady, who quickly joined us.

But Lucy! The old man and the widow exchanged glances, and I was about to put an inquiry, when a side door opened and, Breath of Spitzbergen! the chilliest blast I ever encountered stole into the room.

It was Lucy, queenly as Cleopatra, graceful as a Sylph, and cold as an Iceberg in Baffin's Bay! She bowed, and extended a welcome, but such a welcome! Without a smile, without a sign of approval or pleasure, without a shade of a sparkle in the eye, without a tinge of coloring in the cheek or dimple at the mouth. I saw the truth of the matter at once, and without a sign of disconcertion, extended my hand and grasped hers warmly;

"A very glad greeting to you! sweet Iceland," I said.

"Mr. Walker is condescending"—the words froze in her mouth and dropped on the stillness and astonishment of the room like splinteres from an icy crag into the sea—"to think of us," she continued, "after so many years of desertion."

It did look shabby I confess; but I was not going to be backed out for all. The old lady and Uncle Ben exchanged glances in real earnest now. The truth that Lucy had concealed from them so long was painfully apparent. I too with more knowledge of the world than when I last stood in her presence, fathomed the inmost recesses of that heart that was striving so hard to deceive itself, and failing so utterly; and while I knew the agony it was suffering, and while I sympathized with it, and blamed myself as its cause, I knew as well the source of alleviation.

Lucy had seated herself, and I took a chair opposite. A single moment of silence passed, during which I observed that Uncle Ben was watching me narrowly, and perhaps pitying my distress! and Mrs. Read was preparing to chide Lucy but knew not how to begin.

Could I live for days and weeks and months in the house with one I loved, so utterly frozen up! and trust to the doubtful power of Time alone to thaw her? The thing was impossible, so I resolved to bring matters to a crisis at once.

I moved to the front door, and saw that my trunks and baggage were still standing on the porch. A boy was about to remove them into the house but I commanded him to let them alone, as I was not done with then yet:—

"Uncle Ben," said I, "you can appreciate my determination, but I am resolved to travel again. I have long contemplated making a tour of our own continent. I have seen every thing of interest in the other, and now my chief desire is to learn all I can know concerning my own. As the present is a favorable opportunity I think I will set off at once. If you will have the kindness to tell me the earliest stage to the neat town I will soon have my arrangements made. If there is no stage I must have a carriage, for now that my mind is resolved I must get away at once.

That did the business.

"What!" shouted Uncle Ben.

"What!" echoed the old lady in a trembling voice.

But had a thunderbolt fallen in the presence of Lucy it could not have caused a greater change than spread over her features. Her eye lost its coldness, her cheek became lividly pale, and as quickly deepened into red:—

"Sir!" she gasped, and fled from the room.

Her mother would have followed her, but Uncle Ben motioned her to sit still. I arose and went after Lucy.

I found her in her room, with her face covered up in her hands, leaning heavily over a table. She started as I entered, and I thought I heard a sob. I approached her softly, and laid my hand gently on her shoulder:—

"What is the matter, Lucy?" I murmered, in as tender a voice as I could command; though I was too concerned to choke down a tremulousness in its tone which would come out.

"O Tom," she actually called me Tom, "you are killing me!" she replied, without lifting her head, but mercifully permitting my hand to remain on her shoulder. So I stole gently nearer, and wound my arm around her neck, and whispered in her ear:—

"And do you think I could leave you again, darling, after the long and weary trial of years I have suffered? Ah! no! if you will but shine upon me, you shall be the light of my existence; for now that I have found you, to go away would be darkness and death!"

And she said not a word; but there was little need. For she raised her lustrous eyes to mine, beaming through their tears, and nestled close to my heart, while I folded her in my first long, loving embrace. The ice was melted. The glacier had floated into the Tropic sea.

With a careful regard for the old people we had left on thorns in the parlor I led Lucy back, blushing and hesitating. Here I had to go through the ceremony of confession before Lucy's mother, but I got through with it, and boldly asked her blessing. She is a dear old lady, and she made a very pretty speech, and concluded by calling me her son.

But Uncle Ben! I really grew ashamed of him. He forgot his gout and danced and capered about the room like one possessed. He kissed Lucy forty times, seiged the old lady—his sister! by the hand, forty one, and hugged me forty-two. One time he squeezed me so hard I roared with pain.

Reader, there is to be a wedding in Melborn Cross in a few days. The day is fixed, but we don't tell it to everybody. And all the bells in the village are to be rung—let's see, there is the bell on the church, Mr. Clinton has a breakfast bell, and Blink Blodger's father's housekeeper's cat has a bell round her neck—a pretty goodly number considering the size of our village I believe Blink Blodger's father's housekeeper wont let *that* bell be rung though, for the whole family, I hear, are down on me.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SHADOWS.

BY PONINGOE.

When Trouble's shadows gather round thy heart,
And life seems dark as darkest winter-day,
Give not up to despair.

Then is the time
That fortitude is needed most and hope
Should brightest shine.

Not when thy life is fair,
And all things sweetly glow with joyous beams,
Is moral strength required; but when the hour
Of trial comes, and freezes up the streams
Of joy, then should thy soul do honor to
The image that it bears.

Let not the blow
Of tribulation break the tie which binds
Thee unto Hope, but, in the time of wo,
When great afflictions round thee press,
Lift up thy heart to GOD and be a MAN!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MARTIN LONZO PINZON.

BY TYRO.

A striking instance of a "great mind to meanness closely allied," is given in the history of the individual's life, whose name heads this article. He was a man of considerable wealth and influence, occupying a high position in the affections of his countrymen. He possessed a strength and vigor of mind rarely to be met with, in his day. Manifesting an energy of character, and a degree of nautical skill of no ordinary grade, he was looked upon as an enterprising navigator, and regarded as the "oracle of the maritime community of Palos." After Columbus had vainly importuned various courts of Europe, for royal sanction and pecuniary aid, to consummate his plans, he applied to the Castilian Monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella. While the great Genoese adventurer was in Spain, "poor and unknown," seeking for aid in an enterprise that gave a new impetus to the maritime world, and immortalized the master genius that conceived it, and rendered memorable the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, Pinzon unloosed his purse-strings, and gave "timely and efficacious" assistance in fitting out his armament.

Enjoying the confidence and esteem of the great Admiral, whose discoveries excited the wonder and admiration of the world, he accompanied him on his first voyage of discovery to America, as commander of the "Pinta." He had used his influence in combating the prejudices of the times. He staked his life and property on the event, embarking with his brothers, his relations and his friends. And having done so he might have participated largely in the glory of the immortal enterprise, and handed his name down to posterity in unsullied glory and brightness.

But such was not the case! "Forgetting," says a certain writer, "the grandeur of the cause, he deserted the high object in view; and by yielding to the impulse of a low and sordid passion, tarnished his character forever!"

Wishing to supersede his commander at the court of Spain, he deserted with his crew, thus forfeiting the confidence and esteem of the great discoverer, and the civilized world, and obscuring the glory of an hitherto bright career!

Thus fell Martin Alonzo Pinzon! In a fruitless attempt to deprive Columbus of his well merited honors, and to ascribe to himself the merits of a discovery justly due another. Vain, preposterous attempt! As well might Luna, queen of night, attempt to dim the lustre of the noon-day sun!!

Poor man! After aiding by his skill, his influence and his means, in unlocking the boundless treasures, and making out a pathway to a hitherto unknown continent, destined by its civil and religious institutions, to illuminate and shake the far off despotisms of Europe, he "fancied the finger of scorn continually pointed at him, and sunk into the grave the victim of humiliation and remorse."

"His Story," says the historian, "shows how one lapse from duty may counterbalance the merits of a thousand services; and how important it is for a man, under all circumstances to be true, not merely to others, but to himself."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Lines to R. G. Staples, Esqr.

BY LOTTIE LIXWOOD.

Do thy footsteps falter, never,
On the weary march of life?
Does thy strongest heart-endeavor,
Almost fail with earthly strife?
O, remember that beside thee,
Angels walk in light and love;
Their sweet ministry will guide thee,
To a perfect rest above.

Will thy heart have fadeless treasures,
On the bright eternal shore,
When the dream of earthly pleasures,
Fade away to come no more?
Shadowy life! and yet so precious—
Sad, yet beautiful indeed!
Hope and faith delight, refresh us—
In our hours of greatest need.

Earth is beautiful! so blended
With the sunshine, and the flowers;
Gratitude, and love mended,
Should possess these hearts of ours.
Though by Death our songs and laughter,
May be silenced, or subdued—
Faith's sweet voice will echo after,
Till our souls be angel-hued.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

KINDRED SPIRITS.

Affectionately inscribed to Mat Social.

BY EMMA SOPHIA MILLS.

Near thee, still near thee:—o'er thy pathway gliding,
Unseen I pass thee with the winds low sigh;
Life's veil enfolds thee still our eys devideing,
Yet viewless forms of hue float round thee silently: *Hemans.*

How beautiful are the whispers of kindred spirits. The moon bright and silvery, from the eternal presence, surrounded with these lovely orbs of light. Is it not a time of quiet calm and serene when spirit is linked with spirit, and soul holds converse with soul? Then is the time for the communion of kindred spirits sympathising in our sorrows, and murmuring words of consolation to stricken hearts. Sweet indeed must it be to hold communion with the spirits of those loved ones, who have gone before to the spirit land. We know that spirits linked with each other in this world, cannot be parted in that world of joy and immortality. Some loved one may be lingering on they couch of pain, Listen! whence cometh that feeble voice? as if the soul was about being severed from the body. Let us draw aside that curtain. What do we see? on that couch lies a lovely boy, the pride of those fond parents. Look at him again. See that smile so calm, and happy, lingering round his mouth. Those fine blue eyes so glassy, and deathlike. See his lovely hair in glossy curls spread over the pillow to cool his brow. See his little white hands folded on his breast. Mark, that burning fever consuming his pale form. Death will soon have him for his prey. But he moves, his eyes are looking upward, as if he would fain look beyond this world of sin and wickedness. He holds out his little hands as though he saw something, that he would like to have in his grasp. His sorrowing parents now move nearer the side of his couch. His Mother asks him "My darling what makes you hold up your little hands?" "Oh, mama" he answers, my angle sister is biding me come quickly to the spirit land. La! Mother, see Father, look at those bright angles over my head, they have on their heads crowns of gold, and in their hands harps. Look Father, Listen! hear them sing. Oh how sweetly do they sing. See my angel Sister Nelly she is striking her harp, and on her head she has a crown. See she bids me come. Hark! she says, 'Come Freddie come with me to the spirit land.' Now they tune their harps and sing. Listen dear Mother they sing, 'Oh! grave where is thy victory, Oh, death where is thy sting.' Mother, Father, I am going to the spirit land, along with bright angels."

"Hark they whisper angels say,
Brother spirit come away."

Where shall we see him again? Not tossing about on his couch with fever. But pale as the whitest marble, and ready for the tomb. See the white rose and lily wreathed on his pale brow. Emblems of beauty and innocence the rose-like him that fades in the summer sun. Tis the day of burial, look at those parents. First they lost a lovely girl. Now their last and only blessing. But they do not weep as parents that have no hope. Oh, no. They feel that it is hard to part with their treasures, but they have gone hand in hand with bright angels to the spirit land. See that little coffin lowered down into the grave, with its lovely occupant, lovely even in the icy arms of death. Look, at the Minister in his white robes. Hark! what he reads, "I am the Resurrection and the life, he that believeth on me though he be dead, yet shall he live." Look another moment. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." Listen to the dirt falling on that little coffin. The mourners retire with solemn thought on their minds. Perchance in the still hour of night, when those parents are slumbering on their couch, their little ones from the spirit-land, will hover in spirit, over them; is it not probable that they do. Unseen by us, very many of those dear departed ones may be watch o'er us. We know there are good and evil spirits. The evil ones leading us on, in sin and wickedness. Whilst the good ones are trying to lead us in the narrow road which leads to Heaven.

SOUTHERN WRITERS.

We copy, with great pleasure, the following very just, well conceived and appropriate remarks, from the last number of the Pee Dee, (Cheraw) *Herald*. We concur, without qualification, in every remark made by our worthy contemporaries, and regret that our space to-day forbids an indulgence in the reflections to which this article gives rise.

SOUTHERN WRITERS.—Not the least of the evils which befall the South, as a section is the ostracism of her writers from the literary world. We say ostracism, and think we use the proper word to designate the treatment they receive, both at the hands of those who controle the press and those who arrogate to themselves the exclusive right to pronounce upon, and give circulation to the literature of the day.

In great measure the Southern people have themselves to blame for the existence of this evil. A proper appreciation of the laudable efforts of those enterprising men—of whom there are a few in our midst—to establish publication houses in our Southern cities, and a due regard for our own interests, with a little less of that spirit which excites a preference for foreign "prophets" over those of our "own country" and "kindred," would accomplish much towards the disenthrallment of Southern literature.

Amoug the many vulgar taunts which the recent lecture of W. Gilmoe Simms at Troy, called down upon our devoted heads, was that of his being *the only man at the South who has written any thing*. This, though false—as nearly every thing our Northern brethren say of us, is—yet suggests enough of truth to lead us to inquire into it. Others have written, but have not been able to *publish* as extensively as Mr. Simms has. Why? Simply because in some instances they have not the means, and there are none who for the love of letters, regard for the writer, or the character of his section, will stand forth as the patron of genius. In other instances because there is no influental Southern publication house, whose imprint will give circulation to the work, and *Northern* publishers are remarkably critical and exacting of Southern authors. Besides this; our people—as we have already intimated, care to read nothing written at home. Mr. Simms has succeeded better than most of our writers because he managed to get his works before the Northern public. How he did it we do not know. Perhaps when his earlier productions were published, the same state of things did not exist. Having made for himself a reputation, there is no further difficulty. Now we do not mean to say that Mr. Simms has not deserved to stand among the first of our authors, for indeed, we regard him as equal in his peculiar sphere to Cooper or Marryatte, but our idea is that being a Southern man he would not have been able at this day to bring himself into notice without the aid of northern publishers and northern critics. Even now, if he was a northern man, or hailed from "over the waters," how much more eagerly would his "last novel" be looked for and devoured by Southern readers, who now read them only for *want* of some "Yankee notion," and how much higher would Mellichampe" rank in the estimation of Southern critics!

We have in mind one whom we regard as a writer of unusual talent, every one of whose productions, as far as we have seen them, mark him as a ripe scholar, and a polished and forcible writer, whose efforts are pointed with truth, and designed to produce results worthy of the genius which directs them, one who excels in prose or song, wit or invention, satire or logic, yet because of the almost insurmountable difficulty of getting his contributions to our literature before the public eye, he is comparatively unknown. The village Newspapers and monthly Magazines have occasionally borrowed a gem from his casket and worn it as an ornament, but the great public has not been permitted to know him in his most appropriate character. We refer to Mr. John W. Ervin, of Sumter. His last production—as far as we are informed—"Silver Shot," published in the Sumter Watchman, will compare favorably, either in invention, style, description or interest with writings of a similar kind from the pens of the most popular American novelists.

It is full of thought, rich in incident and description, sparkling with wit and most captivating in style, but alas! for the success of the author, it is a "Southern tale," interspersed with Southern sentiments and *therefore* cannot get into a Northern publication house. The Harpers and the Redfields would none of it and 'tis doomed. Many others of our writers are no doubt kept behind the scenes in the same way who, if they *once* had a hearing, would make their way to fame in spite of difficulties. But the first effort. "Aye! there's the rub."

Now cannot something be done in this matter? If we patronize our own literature, may it not have some effect? Cut off the supplies upon which the princely publishers of New York and Boston fatten, burn the miserable trash with which they inundate our country, discontinue the patronage we bestow upon the insulting and incendiary Northern press, cease to puff their effeminate journals, and the evil we complain of will soon cure itself.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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From the Chapel Hill Gazette.

THE LATE PROF. MITCHELL.

The Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D.D., was born in Washington, Litchfield County, Conn., August 19, 1793—graduated at Yale College in 1815—appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of North Carolina in 1817—married in 1819—ordained by the Presbytery of Orange in 1821—transferred to the Professorship of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology in 1825—honored with the Doctorship in Divinity by the University of Alabama in 1840 and appointed Bursar of the University of North Carolina in 1835. He died June 27th 1857.

Dr. Mitchell was the son of Abner Mitchell, a respectable farmer in Washington, Conn. His mother's maiden name was Phœbe Eliot, and so he was a descendant, in the fifth remove, of that celebrated man of God, John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians. John Eliot and his wife Ann had six children, whose descendants are now very numerous and can be found in all parts of our country. Wherever found, and whatever be the number of their generation, their position in society and their influence in Church and in State shows that the family still receives of that mercy which is shown unto thousands of them that fear God and keep His commandments.

Having received his preparatory education in his native town, he was graduated at Yale College in July 1815. He counted among his classmates there, Judge Badger and Mr. Thomas P. Devereux, and the late Rev. Mr. Singletary, of this State, Judge Longstreet, the famous author of "Georgia Scenes" and President of the University of Mississippi, and others of note in Church and in State. Among these men he maintained a highly creditable rank in scholarship and thus excited hopes which were fully realized. After graduating, he spent some time as Tutor in Yale College, and then as Principal of a school for young ladies in New London, Conn.,—and afterwards as a Teacher in Jamaica, L. I. While in this last position he received an appointment to the Chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, in the University of North Carolina, at the same time that Dr. Olmsted, now of Yale College, received one to the Chair of Chemistry, then first created.

Dr. Mitchell began his labors as a Professor, in January 1818, when the Senior Class contained Bishop Green, Mr. Reporter Jones, the Rev. Dr. Morrison, President Polk, Hon. Hugh Waddell, &c. At the same time the late Judge Anderson of Fla., and Senator Haywood of N. C. and Hon. James T. Morehead were in the Junior Class; the Hon. Judge Battle, Mr. B. F. Moore, and Bishop Otey were Sophomores, and the Hon. J. R. J. Daniel, the Hon. Anderson Mitchell, and the Rev. Jos. H. Saunders were Freshmen. The Faculty at the time consisted of Dr. Caldwell as President and Dr. Hooper as Professor of Ancient Languages. Gov. Morehead and the late Priestly H. Mangum, were Tutors. Dr. Mitchell also found 120 Students as his pupils. He left behind him a Faculty of a President, nine Professors and six Tutors, with 440 pupils.

He was licensed to preach the Everlasting Gospel by the Orthodox Congregational Church in Conn., after spending some time at the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass. He preached his first sermon, after licensure in Chapel Hill, and was ordained by the Presbytery of Orange in Hillsborough. His wife, Maria S., was the daughter of Elisha North, an eminent Physician of New London, Conn., and the house to which he brought his bride is still the home of the widow. As the fruits of this union, he left behind him five children and nine grand-children.

When Dr. Olmsted returned to Yale College in 1825, Dr. Mitchell stepped into his place, because its studies were always particularly attractive to him, and he was succeeded in the place he left by the Rev. James Phillips, D.D., who is now the only member of the Faculty of 1826 remaining at Chapel Hill.

Always remarkable for great bodily activity, he devoted much time during the early years of his Professorship to forming an intimate acquaintance with the Botany and Geology of North Carolina. The plants and the rocks of the State he visited in their own homes, and during his life he was one of the best authorities on both subjects in the country. The expeditions that he conducted into all parts of N. C., looking for flowers, and mosses, and trees; and for rocks, and strata, and deposits, rendered him the best Physical Geographer that the State has ever had. The information that he gathered thus, was used profusely in the instruction of his classes, who always reaped greater benefits from his acquisitions than any other part of our community. He loved the University of North Carolina as he loved his own child, and to its advance in all that should mark an Institution of the highest grade in our land, he sedulously devoted the best years of his life. His acquirements by reading and by observation were immense. But they were mainly for his pupils.—Sometimes he wrote for the public papers, on matters of scientific interest and sometimes on other subjects. But he read more than he observed, more than he wrote. The following are the titles of some of the articles he furnished to Silliman's Journal:—On the low country of N. C. in 1828; On the Geology of the Gold Regions of N. C. in 1829; On Welther's tube of safety, with notices of other subjects, in 1830; on the causes of Winds and Storms, in 1831; Analysis of the Protogea of Leibnitz, in 1831; Notices of high mountains in N. C., in 1839; &c.—These articles he continued at intervals to the day of his death, and they were always received with much respect by the *savans* of the country.

The survey of the life of a scholar, especially if he be a diligent and painstaking teacher, seldom presents points of much public interest. Engaged for nine months out of twelve in daily attendance on Prayers, Recitations, Lectures, Faculty meetings and the details of discipline, his labors do not often furnish materials for an extended or exciting memoir. What his wisdom and experience teach him to be useful exercises for a class of pupils this year, he must repeat with some modifications next year. The intervals between his special duties as teacher must be occupied in learning through the press what others are thinking on the subjects he has to teach, for he has but few opportunities for personal intercourse with others than his immediate colleagues. If he publish many books he must do so at the expense of the midnight lamp, or by intruding on those periods of relaxation from his exhausting labors, which perhaps were more wisely spent in communion with his fellow men, and acquiring common sense from the common people.

Dr. Mitchell was a Professor in the University of North Carolina and all that he acquired, and most of what he did was with an eye single to his influence and success in what he felt to be a great office.—His reading was subservient to this end, and what he published was mainly connected with his duties as teacher. To facilitate these labors, he prepared for his own classes a Manuel of Chemistry, the second edition of which was passing through the Press when he died; a Manuel of Geology, illustrated by a geological map of N. C.; a Manual of Natural History, and a collection of facts and dates respecting the History, Geography, &c., of the Holy Land, a minute acquaintance with which he was always very desirous to promote among his pupils. The labors of such a recluse must find their appropriate reward, not in a present notoriety, nor in the comforts of a well filled purse, but in the approval of an enlightened conscience, in the gradual improvement of society, in the permanent well being of his fellowmen, in a consciousness of diffusing an acquaintance with the true laws of Nature and so of magnifying the glory of our Great Creator, and in the inconceivable rewards of the Judgment Day. Dr. Mitchell felt that he had received a command of "Occupy till I come," and he was careful lest that great day should find him either listless or idle.

The investigations respecting the form of the Black Mountan, which must ever have such a melancholy interest to North Carolinians, were very attractive to Dr Mitchell, and at such times as he could appropriate without neglect of more important labors, he pursued them with great eagerness. It had been suggested in 1799, by the younger Michaux, that these peaks of the Black Mountain in N. C.,—were higher than any other land east of the Rocky mountains. To this conclusion he was led by plants being found there which are not met with again until we reach Canada. The Hon. John C. Calhoun also suggested the same truth, as accounting for the manner in which several large rivers, flowing in various directions, gather their water from its sides. These suggestions Dr. Mitchell was the first to verify in 1835. After very arduous labours in a country naturally savage and at that time very little known, he found the height of one of the peaks to be 6,476 feet. Mt. Washington, in New Hampshire, hitherto considered the highest point of the Alleghanies is 6,428 feet high. Dr. Mitchell never was satisfied with this observation, always judging its result to be too small. He visited the mountain again in 1844, after surveying its line of peaks from Yeates' Knob, which lies on the south-west of the Black Mountain, and towards the centre of the arc on which those peaks are distributed. Here he selected the highest peak, and after obtaining the assistance of a mountaineer as a guide, he attempted to climb it. He succeeded in getting on the mountain and on the peak, as he thought. In this latter point he had to trust the guide, for it was late in the afternoon when he reached the top, and the obscurity of a summer mist prevented him from determining whether or no he was on the peak he sought. It has been suggested lately that Dr. Mitchell was mistaken, and that he never measured the higest peak. If he was mistaken, it was because he was misled by his guide, for he certainly knew which was the highest peak and tried to reach it. One object of the late unfortunate expedition, was to examine the truth of the suggestion. The position and connections of the Mountain gorge, down which he was gropping his way when he perished, were of importance to the end. Another object was the connecting the top of that higest peak with the surveys made by the Western Extension of the N. C. R. R. by a series of levels. The result of this work would have been a true determination of the heighth in question, and also an additional solution of the problem as to the proper value of the Barometric coefficient heretofore used in ascertaining elevations. To this last investigation he was incited by the labors of Capt. Cram, of the U. S. Coast Survey, on the sides of Mt. Washington. Capt. Cram's conclusions throw great doubt on the reliability of all numbers hitherto representing altitudes when obtained by the Barometer, and Dr. Mitchell wanted to correct or confirm them. The line of levels was left about one-half done and the doubts about the peak that Dr. Mitchell measured in 1844 are still somewhat unsettled. But one would have thought that the highest peak of the Black Mountain would have been named Mount Mitchell, even if he had been providentially prevented from ascertaining its height. To climb the Black Mountain and carry up instruments to determine its height in 1835, required courage and scientific tastes of a very different order from what were necessary in 1855. After a mine has been discovered to be valuable and its out crop has been laid bare, it is often an easy matter to go and gather up the grains of gold. It is a singular fact that the peak which bears Dr. M's name was never measured by him, and he is uncertain whether he was ever on it in either 1835 or 1844.—The name Black Mountain should now be forgotten, and the whole range should be called Mitchell's Mountain. Then the different peaks might be named to tickle those who can be tickled by such straws. Dr. Mitchell had no such ambition to gratify.

On Saturday, June 27th 1857, Dr. M. parted from his son Charles, about half a mile from the Mountain House, on what is now known as Mitchell's Peak. He started to go along to Wilson's on Caney River in Yancey county, and told his son to meet him where they then were on Monday morning. The son was at his post on Monday morning, and again on Tusday and on Wednesday mornings, but the father came not. On Thursday it was found that he had not been on Caney River. On Friday a search for him was instituted,—which was continued with increasing excitement day after day. At one time some 200 persons must have been engaged in this arduous work. All exertions were fruitless, until a mountaineer named Wilson, who was with Dr. Mitchell on the mountain in 1835, on Tuesday July 8th found his body in a gorge through which they two had passed, on their return from that visit. It was lying at the bottom of a pool in the Sugar Camp branch of the Cattail fork of Caney River, at the base of a cliff about 40 feet high, down which he had evidently fallen. He held in his hand a branch of Laurel, which he had grasped and broken off when he began to fall, so he could not have struggled after he reached the water, which was about fourteen feet deep and ten feet wide. His watch stopped at 20 minutes before 8; hence it is supposed that he perished not far from 7 P. M., on the evening of the Saturday on which he parted with his son, eleven days before he was found. That afternoon was very stormy and the mountains were enveloped in a thick mist. The unusual darkness of the evening would, doubtless, have render d the way dangerous to even a more experienced and hardy mountaineer than it was possible for Dr. M. to be.

It will be no easy matter for the most gifted, even when intimately acquainted with him, to sketch the character of Dr. Mitchell. There was hadly any thing which he might feel called upon to do, which he would not try to do, and be ambitious to do, well. A widowed mother, at the age of 92, weeps over her favorite son—her oldest child. As a Husband,—Father and Master, as a Preacher of the Word of God, as a citizen of this Commonwealth, as a Justice of the Peace and a Commissioner of the village of Chapel Hill, he fulfilled his duties cheerfully, intelligently, laboriously and conscientiously. As a neighbor he was kind, generous and charitable. Favors he always repaid with large interest, and his friendship was sincere and lasting. He never feared the face of man.

"He had the singular talent of applying himself to a variety of employments—to Divinity, and to various branches of literature without disorder, and though his acquisitions in nothing were as great as they probably would have been if his attention had not been thus divided, yet they were very respectable and in some things eminent. He was favored with an excellent bodily constitution, capable of enduring all the fatigues of hunger and thirst, heat and cold, without sensible relaxation or weariness. This he faithfully improved in activity and incessant application in a great variety of scenes of life. Idleness was his abhorrence, but every portion of time was filled with action by him. Perhaps no man in his day has slept so little and done so much in so great a variety; and if the rule of judging of the length of life be the measure of doing, perhaps he lived as long as the antediluvian Patriarchs, who numbered so many hundred years in the course of their pilgrimage.

"His endowments of mind were no less superior than his bodily. *Mens sanain corpore* was what he was blessed with, and his great soul shined like the sun in the firmament with radiant lustre. Always active, always bright and plesant; what were seldom in one mind, yet in him were happily united—a large understanding, solid and true judgment, deep penetration and a rich and florid invention and fancy. All these he improved for the noblest purposes, the service and honor of God and the real good or entertainment of his fellow-men. Perhaps no man has in his day spent a life so long and so active in a disinterested and perpetual endeavor for promoting the welfare of the world around him. The wise man observes, 'Through desire a man having separated himself seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom.' As this was the reigning principle of his great mind, so he happily succeeded and improved in almost every branch of useful knowledge, from the plough in the tilling of the field to the more refined parts of literature. He was a great friend to his country in its civil and religious interests. The great doctrines of Gospel Grace in the salvation of perishing sinners, were peculiarly delightful to him. Difference of opinion as to religious principles, was no obstruction to a hearty practice of the great law of love,—benevolence, and true goodness to man to every man; nor of Christian charity to the whole household of Faith. He was an enemy to all imposition and arbitrary dominion over other men's faith, howsoever the pretence was painted with the fair show of the name of orthodoxy or contending for the faith once delivered to the saints. Besides the improvements in the world of nature, he was also well acquainted with the inhabitants of the world, for he was a great, able and judicious historian. He had a particular thirst for and took a peculiar pleasure in knowing the natural history of the various countries in which the earth is divided. Herewith also, he well understood the customs, government and revolutions of the several kingdoms of the world, both ancient and modern. He was exceedingly charitable as a disciple of Him who has said: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Those animated expressions of Job might with great propriety be applied to him: 'I was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, I was father to the poor, and caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. His whole deportment was engaging and agreeable, nothing stiff, unsociable, assuming or imperious had a place in his soul or actions."

These extracts are from the funeral sermon of "the Great and Venerable Dr. Jared Eliot," Dr. Mitchell's great grandfather; and the thousands who knew Dr. M. must agree that he inherited no small share of his ancestor's peculiarites. That Dr. Mitchell's character had blemishes, is not to be denied. It is the lot of a corrupted humanity to have them. No man is without them. Dr. Mitchell's soul was unique in that it was polyedral, one whose plans were many, broad, and distinctly marked. Dr. Mitchell was buried in Asheville on Friday, July 10th, and he was followed to his temporary resting place by an immense assembly. He shall yet sleep on one of the peaks of his own grand and lofty mountain, among the chivalrous and warm hearted mountaineers, who admired him so much when living, and searched so enthusiastically for him when dead. There, in that sublime and peerless mausoleum, he will await the summons of the Archangel's trump, while the solemn firs chaunt his funeral dirge, and the leaping waters recall the example of his active and useful life.

'And the King said unto his servants, know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

The Blue Ridge Tunnel.—The Charlottesville Jeffersonian says: On Saturday last we were in the tunnel again, and although we did not see the Chief Engineer or the contractor, we heard it said that the cars were to pass through the tunnel on the 8th of August. The Staunton Vindicator states that there are *eight hundred feet* of arching yet to be done ere the work in the tunnel is completed; and thinks that it would not be safe for the cars to go through until the arching is finished Alas! if this is the case, there will be no passage of the cars through the tunnel before the close of the year 1858. One million and five hundred thousand bricks will be necessary to complete the arching, and contracts have been made for the delivery of a portion of these some time during the next year. Col. Crozet says there will be no danger in having the cars pass through the tunnel while the brick arching is going on; and the last time we saw Col. Fontaine, he was of the same opinion. Such being the case, we see nothing to hinder the passage of the cars through the tunnel some time this summer.

A New Theory.—A writer in the National Intelligencer is advocating the theory that the moon is simply the indicator of the earth's electric changes, and that the moon itself has no appreciable effect upon this planet—that the moon is a fragment of the earth, is negative to it, and revolves upon its own axis, within the earth's atmosphere; that the earth is enveloped in an ocean of electric vapor, dense and compound upon its sold surface, whose gases separate, however, as they deepen outward, the rare always emanating from and resting on the more dense, until we reach in outward order fluorine electricity and magnetism, that subtle element pervading all space; and that, observing the various atmospheric strata above and the solid strata below us, it is not difficult to perceive that men, animals and vegetable forms are existing in the centre of the earth's stratification. The electric lines of no variation are those extending from the north to the south pole; the dia-magnetic or dia-electric lines are those extending around the earth from west to east, and are ever variable. It is the variableness of these dia-electric currents, says this writer, produce all the phenomena attributed to the influence of the moon upon the earth.

Fire in Cincinnati:—Destructive fire occurred in Cincinnati, on Friday 3rd. The loss is estimated at $250,000, on which there is insurance amounting to only $60,000.

Written for the Times.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

By J. Starr Holloway.

In a neat 12 mo. volume of 286 pages, J. S. Redfield, Esq., New York, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) has given to the public a series of six valuable lectures on *The Study of Words*, by Richard Chenevix French, now Dean of Westminster. To students, and those who wish to understand the origin and proper usages of language, this little manual will be invaluable. Nor to these alone; for the vast amount of general information at all bearing upon the subject which the agreeable author presses into use, and his pleasant, desultory style of relating it, will make his book quite as acceptable to the general reader. It is not by any means the dry book—dry to any but the student and man of letters—which its title might lead us to suppose it is. It reads quite as agreeably as a finished essay in *Belles-Lettres*, by Macauly or Everett.

Monarchs Retired from Business, is the felicitous title of a pair of neat 12 mo. volumes, issued by the same publisher. The title is a promising one, but an acquaintance with the work more than justifies the pleasant hopes formed of it. We know not where, in the same compass, so agreeable a mass of valuable information on the interesting topic of "kings dethroned," can be found. Dr. Doran, in his other able works—"Table Traits," "Habits and Men," "Queens of England of the House of Hanover," and "Knights and their Days," has displayed a wonderful food of lore, but his most comprehensive knowledge of any single subject is embraced in the "Monarchs Retired." It gives us in rapid succession a series of pictures of all the luckless kings and fallen potentates who, in all time, have had their sceptres wrested from them. The survey is one of the pleasantest description, heightened as it is by the agreeable manner in which he interweaves with his history, an immense amount of general knowledge—side issues—gathered in a thousand places in his search for material. Two more entertaining volumes are not published.

The Age of Fable, or Stories of Gods and Heroes, by Thomas Bulfinch—Sanborn, Carter, Bazin & Co., Publishers, Boston: H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia—is one of the most satisfactory works on mythological history, and the various systems of ancient worship, we have ever read. In the compass of 500 duodecimo pages is comprised a complete survey of the forms of worship—with the stories and legends connected therewith, of the ancient Romans, Greeks, Egyptians, Scandinavians and contemporaneous countries less celebrated for their religious observances, together with a full account of the Druids of England, the Skalds of Iceland, the followers of Zoroaster, etc. Not only is the book a readable one; it is one of the most valuable yet published explanatory of the pleasant subject which it handles. Mythology and the Sacred rites and observances in religions now obsolete, are too nearly forgotten at the present day, A beautiful interest hangs over the years when every grave had its deity, and every stream and wood its protective groups of Naiads and Doyads; and their study cannot but have a softening influence amid the rougher pursuits of these later days. In no way can this be better reached than by an acquaintance with Mr. Bulfinch's beautiful volume.

As announced in the review department of the "Times," two or three weeks back, Mr. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia, has issued the last great book of Dickens in the various styles uniform with the other works of the celebrated author issued by the same house. The *Pennsylvanian* thus justly speaks of "Little Dorrit:"—

"This work is another astonishing evidence of the power which Mr. Dickens possesses in the delineation of female character, and the graphic sketching of peculiarities. Little Dorritt, Mrs. Clennam, Flora, Miss Wade, Tattycoram and Minnie Meagles, are evidences of the former, while the strongly contrasted brothers Dorritt, young John Chivery, Panks, Blandois, Casby, Flintwinch, John Baptist, &c., may be enumerated among the latter. Then the Barnacles and Stiltstatkings, the Circumlocution of office, the Merdle family and the unfortunate career of the unappreciated Doyce, are specimens of his wonderful skill in shooting the political and economical follies of the day on the wing. The plot is of absorbing interest, upon which, like a thread, are strung these pearls and diamonds of descriptive writing. All readers sympathize heartily with dear little Dorritt, her patient endurance and unfaltering love for all who leaned upon her for aid, and they must heartily rejoice, when, at the altar of St. George's Church, she writes her name as the happy bride of Arthur, in the third volume of the register.

We presume the works of Mr. Dickens have more readers in this country than in England, which is owing to the fact that T. B. Peterson, having issued so many editions, varying in style and price, they have been popularized and made accessible to every family. Thus he has each story complete in one volume at the low price of fifty cents, while his duodecimo edition, in two volumes illustrated, is still cheap to those whose means will allow its purchase at two dollars and a half. He has eighteen different editions of "Little Dorritt," the cost ranging from fifty cents to five dollars, all of which have been published simultaneously with the completion of the story, in England, at a heavy expense for the advanced sheets."

Messrs. Whittemore, Niles and Hall are about to publish the poems of T. K. Hervey, author of that little gem "Cleopatra embarking on the Cygnus," in the tasteful "blue and gold" style, so popular.

Charles Brockden Brown's forcible and intricate novels have received a fresh impetus through the enterprise of Mr. M. Polock, of Philadelphia, who, as we have before remarked, is engaged in republishing them in a neat and uniform manner—the only style, by the way, in which they have yet appeared, worthy of their merits. Brown is one of the few novelists who flourished at the dawning of our literary history whose fame has survived. In strength and originality he is unapproached by any modern author; while the quaint and elaborate style in which he clothed his thoughts has given to his works, beside the merit of their real worth, a certain antiquarian interest. He was a worthy corner-stone for the fair fame of American literature to be built upon. The last work published by Mr. Polock in the series, is *Jane Talbot*. It is a novel of startling interest, the whole of which is unfolded in a series of letters—a style which a less powerful and ingenious author would be mad in attempting. The majority of the letters are written by Jane, and the narrative therefore partakes of the form of an autobiography.

Louisa Von Plettenhaus, or the Journal of a poor young lady—published by Messrs. C. S. Francis & Co., New York—Philadelphia, Cary & McMillan—is one of those delightful translations from the German which brings to mind several other charming German tales that stand out in bold relief from every other class of literature for their pathos, their simple-mindedness, their unstudied revelations of life, and, as in the present little work, their deep and abiding piety. The motto of the "Journal," taken from Martin Luther, "Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart, when it is the abode of piety," affords a fair interpretation of its character. The strong faith and persistent piety of the heroine will fall like manna on the Christian's heart. Indeed we know not which most to admire, its one pervading tone of gentleness and goodness, or the excellent glimpses it gives of German life with the finely marked individualism of its heroine, and the hold she obtains upon our sympathies.

The Watchman, by James A. Maitland—*The Wanderer*, by the same—Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson, Publisher. The author of the "Watchman" has secured for himself a bearing for as many books as he may be pleased to write, provided he continue them in the same fresh and vigorous style of writing, and with the same healthy and natural sentiment that distinguishes that excellent novel. This he has evidently done in the "Wanderer," and we have in the two books a pair of as companionable volumes as any novel-reader could desire, and as far above the modern "Match Girl" and "Hot Corn" books (!) as it is possible for fiction to be. They are published in Mr. Peterson's well known elegant duodecimo style, and deserve a place in every collection of works of romance.

We cannot too highly, or too often, commend the new Southern venture, *Russell's Magazine*. Its July number contains as brilliant articles as may be found in any magazine, new or old, in this country. "A few thoughts on Southern Civilization," is continued, and is a masterly article. The beautiful Virginia novel, "Estcourt," is also continued, and increases in interest; while in "The Initials," "Don Gregorio," and "My Neighbor's Rooster," we have alternately sentiment, pathos, and humor, such as is rarely found out of Blackwood. The poetry, too, on an average, is up to the standard. "To whom?" and "Love's Logic" are worthy the best hand in the country.

The *Chicago Magazine*, for June, is a still further improvement on the preceding numbers of that go-ahead miscellany. Its articles are suffused with that indomitable spirit which has become characteristic of the west in every enterprise it undertakes. The History of Chicago which is continued affords a fair estimate of the strength and extent of that spirit, which, in this wonderful city appears to have centered. The numerous maps and plates of the city in its different stages of progress are particularly interesting. That representing Chicago in 1820, shows a city of 3 houses!

North Carolina is always in the front ranks of educational enterprises. It therefore gives us particular pleasure in calling the attention of parents and teachers and all engaged in the instruction of youth to an invaluable series of five *Progressive Readers*, recently published by Messrs. Sanborn, Carter, Bazin & Co., Cornhill, Boston. The exercises are of the highest order; the engravings are excellent; print, paper, etc., of the clearest and best kind; and the plan of instruction of an excellence that will commend itself. The "Progressive Primer" leads the series, while the "Fifth Reader" as an Elocutionary Book of exercise cannot be excelled. It is particularly adapted for the use of High Schools and Academies. The publishers are in constant communication with new and old school-committees, bodies of whom have already introduced the books in the schools and academies on Portland, Gardner, Green field, Quincy, Bangor, etc.

A valuable work for every family, from the same publishers, is *Homœpathy Simplified*, or Domestic Practice made Easy, by Jno. A. Tarbell, M.D., an excellent authority. It is a work which once introduced into a family will become indispensable.

Mr. Redfield publishes an excellent work for the season, "Episodes of Insect Life," in three beautiful volumes.—Messrs. Sanborn, Carter, Bazin & Co., publish this month, "The Antiquary" and "Rob Roy," in their Fireside Waverly series.—Mr. M. Polock has in press "Clara Howard," by Charles Brockden Brown.—Messrs. C. S. Francis & Co. have in press "The Barefooted Maiden," from the German of Berthold Aurbach.—Mr. Charles Scribner publishes a capital book of adventure "The Norse Folk," or a visit to the Homes of Norway and Sweden," by C. L. Brace.

A novel feature at the close of the commencement of the Chowan Female Institute at Murfreesboro, N. C., consisted in the marriage of Rev. Reuben Jones, of Virginia, to Miss Susan Deans, of N., C., in the presence of the company assembled.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, July 22.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market.

Bacon 16½@18; Beef 5@7; Beeswax 20; Butter 15@20; Coffee 16½, Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 1.10@0.00 Meal 1.25@0.00; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 10; Feathers 40@45; Flour 6.00@7.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 1.00@; Lard 16½@18; Molasses 1.80@; Nails 6@7; Oats 60; Peas, yellow 1.30@, white 130@00; Pork 7.50@8.00; Rags 0@3; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@0.00; Sugar, Brown 14@15, loaf 18½, crushed 18½, clarified 16½; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 1.25@0.00, Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, July 21.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Cumming & Styron, Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hoground 15 @, western sides 14@18, western shoulders 11@11, hams 15@14; Brandy peach 70@75, apple 50@60; Butter 28@30; Beeswax 23@24; Cheese 12@13; Candles, adamantine 28@30, sperm 50@60; Corn 92@0.00; Cotton 12@13; Coffee, rio 11¼a12, laguna 12@13; Feathers 45@50; Flour, superfine 8.25@8.50 extra 7.75, fine 6.50, family 9.00, scratched 6.50@6.75; Guano, 1 ton $62, 5 tons $60; Hay (N. C.) 1.00@0.0; Lime 125@135; Molasses, Cuba 55@58; Mackerel, 2 no. 10.00@0.00, 3no. 6.50@6.75; Nails 5@; Oats 85@90; Rosin, no. 1, 1.32@0.00, no. 2, 1.25@1.30, common 1.15@1.00; Rice 4@5; Shad 00@00; Salt, alum 85@90, sack 1.00@1.00; Sugar, clarified 11@12, P. R. 9@10; Spirits Turpentine 42@00; Turpentine, virgin and yellow dip, 3.75a0.00, hard 1 55a0.00; Tar 1.30a0.00; Wheat, red 1.80@0.00, white 1.80@000

NORFOLK MARKET, July 20.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hams 14@16½, hoground 14½@, western sides 14½a0; shoulders 12½; Beans 1.50@1.75; Buckwheat, bag 1.65@; Butter, goshen 20@25, glade 22@26; Beeswax 20@25; Cotton 12@13; Corn, white 90@95, mixed 95@.98 yellow 95@98; Coffee, rio 11@12½, laguira 13a13½; Candles, adamantine 26@28; Dried Apples, ℔ bus. 28 lb, 200@2.25, Peaches, peeled ℔ bus. 40 lb, 5.00@0.00; Eggs 20@25; Flour, fine 7.00@7 30, superfine 8.50@8.50, extra 9.00@9.25, family 9.50@00; Flaxseed 1.50@1.50; Guano, ℔ ton 75.00@60.00; Hay 1.00@1.25; Lard, no. 1 & 2, 15@16; Lime 1.25@1.37; Molasses 60@.70; Oats 40@43; Salt, fine ℔ sack, 1.70@0.00, ground alum 1.12@0.00, blown 160@1.70; Sugar, refined 12@14½, crushed 15½@00, W. India 12@120; Shingles, heart 12 in bunch, 7.00@7.25, sap do do 4 00@5.00; Staves, R. O. hhd. 32.00@34.00, H. O. hhd. 43.00@00.00, do heading 43.00@45.00; Soap, brown 4½a6½, yellow 4½@6½; Wheat, red 1.40@1.50, white 1.80@1.85; Whisky 26a28; Fish, no 3, Mackerel, 8.00a0.00, Northern Herrings 6.00a0.00, Mullets and Blue Fish, 9.50a8.00, dry Cob and Hake, 3.75a4.50.

Remarks:—Flour is not plenty to-day and sells readily. A good deal of new will, however, soon be sent in, and lower prices must be expected.

About 4000 bu. of prime new red and white wheat have been sold at $1.80 a 1.85.

Corn is scarce—no arrivals for some days. The demand is much better, and with a good many orders on hand it will bring our quotations readily and perhaps more.

Provisions are higher and very firm. Naval Stores firm except Tar which is dull and lower. Groceries the same—no change.

New Flour.—Rowland & Bro's received on the 1st inst., a small lot of new extra Flour from E. G. Mangum & Co., Orange county, N. C. We learn that the same house received from the same parties the first new flour in July 5th, 1855, and July 7th, 1856—this year they are a few days ahead of their former shipments.—*Norfolk Herald.*

New York July 20.—Flour is depressed—State $6.25@6.45; Ohio $6.65@7 45; Southern 7 00 a 7 80. Wheat inactive and declined.—Corn buoyant—mixed 86 cents. Stocks higher.

Baltimore, July 20.—Flour is tending upward—Howard street, $7.50 a 7 75. Wheat steady with a large supply—New red $1.70 a 1.80; white, good to prime, 1.70 a $2. Corn dull— white 88 a 90 cts; yellow 84 a 90 cts.

N. G. FREEMAN,
WITH
ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STAPLE AND FANCY SILK GOODS,
No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.
1856. 2-1y

SIX MINUTE CHURNS.
ANOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.
JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
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BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,
No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

SODA WATER,
DRAWN FROM A PORCELAIN LINED FOUNTAIN, can always be had at the Drug Store of
W. C. PORTER.

J. D. CUMMING. C. W. STYRON
CUMMING & STYRON,
Commission and Forwarding MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 531y

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T. C. & R. G. WORTH,
COMMISSION & FORWARDING MERCHANTS.
Wilmington, N. C. 1:1y.

WATSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The 7th Session of this school will commence on the 4th Monday of July and continue for 5 months.

The location of this school is exceeded by none for health and the course of instruction, extensive and thorough, embracing all the branches both useful and ornamental, which are taught in the best Female schools.

The Proprietor is prepared to accommodate a large number of young ladies with BOARD at $6 per month. Medical advice and services to pupils given gratuitous.

TERMS:

Lower English Branches,	$6
Higher do. do	10
French and Latin each,	5
Music on Piano and Melodeon each,	15
Drawing Painting, and Water Colors, each,	5
Painting Oil Colors,	10
Wax Work and Embroidery each,	5

E. T. WATSON.
Alamance county, June 20, 1857.

THE TIMES

Is published every Thursday in Greensboro, N. C

EDITORS.
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ROB. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1857.

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NORMAL COLLEGE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

These exercises were held during the last week. We had the pleasure of being present most of the time, and a more successful commencement in all the exercises we never witnessed. It passed off not only with honor to the institution, but with much pleasure and profit to the visitors. In fact these annual festivals of Colleges are in themselves great institutions—a time well spent even at the neglect of home business, and the necessary cost of a few dollars. Mind sharpens mind, and like the great body of ocean water, the intellectual mass of a community needs an occasional stirring up, a commingling together to produce the necessary attrition of mind with mind, to give healthfulness and vivacity to thought and feeling.

Perhaps the number was not as large in attendance this year as formerly, but we have never seen the rostrum at any former time so crowded with men of such intelligence, weight and influence.

It is not our intention to notice all the exercises in very full detail. On Monday night, members of the Freshman class declaimed. The performance was good, and while all did well as Freshmen are expected to do, Messrs. Carmon and Mayhew were specially excellent. The declaimers were Messrs. J. F. Clark, Beaufort; J. A. Williamson, Caswell; E. D. Lindsay, High Point; H. V. Cobb, Caswell; J. P. Garner, Macon, Ala; W. J. Carmon, Greene; T. Lilly, Montgomery; T. W. Mayhew, Newberne, and H. G. Whitehead, Pitt.

Tuesday night members of the Sophomore class declaimed. The audience was large and the declaiming very good. Rarely have we heard any thing superior to Messrs. Latham, Cheatham, Andrews and Harris. The declaimers were Messrs. R. Small, Normal College; J. C. LaPrade, Chesterfield, Va; D. S. Latham, Washington; J. B. Choice, Franklin, Va; W. P. Exum, Goldsboro; J. W. Cheatham, Jefferson, Ga; and E. H. Hines, Bryan, Ga.

At the conclusion of the declamation, Rev. N. F. Reid of Greensboro, delivered a short, pointed and impressive address, which though given *extempore*, yet bore the evidence of mature thought and sound practal judgement.

At 10 o'clock, Wednesday, the annual Sermon was preached by Rev. C. P. Jones of the North Carolina Conference. His subject was the choice of Moses, whether he would accept the proffered crown of Egypt, or suffer with his fathers' people for the sake of his fathers' God. The effort surpassed the expectations of Mr. Jones' most intimate friends, and it was the impression of most who heard it, that it had never been excelled.

At 3 o'clock in the evening W. Gilmore Simms, L.L.D., of South Carolina, was introduced to a crowded audience, and delivered the Literary address; subject, "The Professions." We have heard Mr. Simms before, when he did remarkably well, when his praise was on every lip. But this effort, if possible, surpassed even himself. His excellence is not in beautiful flowery language, but in the pure strong Anglo-Saxon, where every word bears a thought. We are glad to learn that both the Sermon and Address will be published. Each theme is an important study, especially to every young man; and being well prepared, will do much good.

Wednesday night, orations were delivered by members of the Junior class. Both composition and delivery were of a superior order, especially the efforts by Messrs. Anderson and Culbreth, which we rarely see surpassed even by Seniors. The speakers were Messrs. A. Q. Moody, Savannah, Ga; W. W. Withers, Stokes; J. T. Leach, Johnson; B. B. Culbreth, Cumberland; T. M. Anderson, Halifax, Va; and C. C. Andrews, Liberty, Ga.

At the conclusion of these orations Rev. D. B. Nicholson, of Wilmington, made quite an interesting short address. It was delivered in an easy off hand style, but was, to young men just returning home from College, most happily to the point. It was well received and from its strong *home* thrusts, is calculated to do much good.

Thursday was the commencement day. Early in the morning every road leading to the College for miles around was crowded with hurrying multitudes. The exercises commenced at 10 o'clock with the following programe, Marshalls—N. R. Ray, chief; T. W. Mayhew, L. B. Henderson, J. C. LaPrade, J. H. Peal, B. Y. Rayle.

1. VOCAL MUSIC.

2. PRAYER, by Rev. Rev. R. T. Heflin.

3. LATIN ORATION, G. L. Hearn, Holly Springs, Miss.

4. ORATION, COLLEGIATE ADVANTAGES, A. P. Leach, Salisbury.

5. ORATION, DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE AGE, F. C. Fraizer, Normal College.

6. FRENCH ORATION, VALTAIRE, R. H. Skeen, Randolph.

7. ORATION, WHAT LACK WE YET, R. D. Best, Darlington, S. C.

8. ORATION, THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE, J. S. Midyett, Hyde.

9. GREEK ORATION; ATHENIAN PASSION, S. J. Andrews, Liberty, Ga.

10. ORATION, THE AMERICAN LITERARY SPIRIT, L. R. Wright, Darlington, S. C.

11. KNOW THYSELF A MAN, AND BE A GOD, W. W. Flood, Henry Va.,

12. Annual Report by the President, from which we glean the following—

Senior Class:—Messrs. Flood, Hearn, Midyett and Wright obtained highest distinction. The class stood superior and showed evidences of good instruction.

Junior Class:—This is one of the best classes that has ever been in the Institution. The following have first distinction, Messrs. C. C. Andrews, S. J. Andrews, T. M. Anderson, B. B. Culbreth, J. M. Jones, A. P. Leach, J. T. Leach, A. Q. Moody, N. R. Ray and R. H. Skeen.

Sophomore Class:—The followinn have first distinction, Messrs. L. W. Andrews, J. W. Cheatham, W. Clark, P. N. Covington, W. P. Exum, E. H. Hines, J. C. LaPrade, R. S. Small, and W. C. White.

Freshman Class:—First distinction was given to Messrs. W. H. Borden, W. J. Carman, H. L. Cobb, J. F. Clark, C. C. Dodson, T. Lilly T. W. Mayhew and H. G. Whitehead.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon the following members of the Senior Class—Messrs. W. W. Flood, F. C. Fraizer, G. L. Hearn, J. S. Midyett, and L. R. Wright.

The degree of Master of Arts was, conferred upon the following Alumni of the Institution—Messrs. C. C. Cole, J. A. Edwards, J. W. Pearson, S. D. Peeler, T. S. Whittington and I. L. Wright.

President Jones of Greensboro presented the Bibles to the graduating class, and accompanied them with quite an eloquent ane forcible address. The class was then presented with gold medals by Mr. T. M. Anderson, in the name of the Columbian Literary Society. Mr. Simms wase then formally introduced to the audience as the most successful and most worthy man of all the South in the field of Literature. Mr. Simms replied in quite an animated speech, which was much applauded. We quote only one remark "I have never attended school a single day since I was ten years old." What an example of industry and indomitable energy! The exercises then closed with a benediction by Rev. D. B. Nicholson.

Before concluding this artcle, we desire to say one word in reference to the Trustees. There was a very full attendance of the Board, of men of learning and practical judgments. We are glad to learn that the grade of the scholarship of the Institution was thoroughly discussed and placed as high as the best College in the country. Also that no degree shall be conferred upon the simple test of so many years connection with the College, a thorough, testing examination upon the whole Collegiate course being the only successful guarantee. All the degrees, therefore, conferred by the Trustees, mean something more than having merely gone through a certain curriculum.

To say nothing of the Party on Thursday night would be doing the Managers great injustice, for we never saw any thing of the kind arranged with more care, and everything in such perfect order. If the young people could not enjoy themselves on such an occasion, the fault must evidently have been in the want of an inclination.

REV. ELISHA MITCHELL, D.D.

The Alumni and citizens of Greensboro, held a public meeting on Monday evening last, and passed suitable resolutions of respect to the memory of Dr. Mitchell, late senior Professor in the University. The proceedings will be found in another column.

A sketch of the Life of Dr. M. has been furnished the Chapel Hill Gazette by a member of the Faculty, the length of which we feel sure our readers will excuse, and even wish it were longer. It is given on the opposite page.

SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY.—The Southern, (Methodist,) University, at Greensboro,' Ala., was recently dedicated, with suitable solemnities. We also learn from the N. O. Christian Advocate, that the Trustees have unanimously elected L. C. Garland President; E. Wadsworth, professor of Moral Philosophy; C. G. Smith, professor of Ancient Languages; and N. T. Lupton, professor of Chemistry. The first session will not open before October, 1858: by which time a number of other professors and tutors are to be selected. It is designed to make it a University in fact, as well as in name. The wealth of Southern liberality has furnished ample pecuniary means.—*Advocate, Raleigh.*

THE MILITARY EXPEDITION TO UTAH.—The United State expedition for Utah is fitting out at St. Louis with great despatch. By the middle of this week, a thousand additional troops will probably be encamped at Fort Leavenworth, and all the military stores, horses, mules, wagons and whatever else may be necessary for the expedition, will be on the ground. It is stated that the disbursements on account of this expedition in and around St. Louis will not fall much short of a million of dollars.

A manual of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, with some of its applications, BY CHARLES PHILLIPS, *Professor of Civil Engineering in the University of North Carolina.* RALEIGH: PRINTED BY W. D. COOKE.

In the following review we recognise the hand of an able educator in North Carolina, and we transfer to our columns from the Standard with much pleasure:—

We rejoice to see that Wheeler's History and Wiley's Alamance are not the only representatives of North-Carolina in the world of letters. The above work, written by a North-Carolinian, for the use of the students of our own University; printed, and well printed, in the City of Raleigh, on paper made at a Neuse Manufactory, and bound by North Carolina hands, has appeared among us, and reflects credit on the author and the Institution for which he labors.

Prof. Phillips has been for many years a zealous and successful teacher, and therefore knows the wants of a young student. In this work he not only shows that he is an acute and clear-headed mathematician, but has exhibited good taste and judgment in the selection and arrangement of Trigonometric principles. The work may be difficult to a beginner unaccustomed to a close reading, as every word has a use—every sentence conveys a distinct truth. But the style, though concise, is clear; the language accurately expresses the meaning intended to be conveyed; the notation is simple, and the pupil, if he has any brightness, will soon take more pleasure in the study of this treatise than of one the style of which is more diffuse.

Besides this general commendation of the work as a whole, we propose to point out some of the particulars which, we think, give it an air of novelty, and are improvements on the treatises generally used.

Many writers move smoothly on, drawing the careless learner in their wake, and suddenly with a dark "&c.," or a mysterious "so it will be perceived," make an unexpected leap, leaving the poor pupil to flounder in a hopeless bog. Prof. Phillips has avoided this inconsistency. His Algebraic and Geometric processes are uniformly concise, yet clear, not diluting too freely, nor yet leaving gaps in the reasoning so large as to bewilder the learner.

In the second place, our author's definitions are admirable—in some cases altogether new. For instance, those of Sines, Tangents, &c., comprehend the cases of all angles, acute as well as obtuse, while even that of Mr. Peirce, who rarely fails in this particular, (or any other,) will apply only to an acute angle. The general properties of these functions too, are collected in groups, and become more securely fixed in the pupil's mind than when he is forced to pick them up as best he can, scattered here and there over the surface of many pages.

In Algebra we learn that the positive sign means greater, the negative sign less than zero. As we advance in our studies, to our astonishment, and often mystification, we discover that the former often points to direction, either above or below, to the right or left of an object, and the latter signifies the reverse. The pupil will thank our author for reasonably calling his attention to this change. Similar thanks will be due for a full exposition of the distinction between *Circular* and *Angular* functions, as well as the difference between the *Meridianal Parts of the Latitude* of a place, and the *Latitude* itself, and the advantages and disadvantages of *Mercator's sailing.*

A graduate at the University ten years ago will remember the uncouth strangeness presented by Peirce's Analytical Geometry and Differential Calculus to his despairing eyes on his first entrance on those studies. The manual before us has such descriptions, incidentally but naturally thrown in, of *Functions, Co-oripnates, Projections,* of *Auxiliary Angles*—has, too, so clear and beautiful a notation of the latest invention, that the learner will almost feel among familiar friends on his first arrival in the hostile territory. And so we notice that the trapezoid, instead of the triangle, is selected as the primary figure in Surveying. As in the Calculus, the differential of any area has that figure; the pupil, when he mounts so high, will be already accustomed to its use.

We think, too, that Prof. Phillips, while his book evinces a scientific spirit, has very happily increased its value and kindled the zeal of the learner, by occasional donations of truths applicable to the wants of every day life. Note, for instance, the method of finding the feet, inches, &c., in a given are—valuable in laying down Railroad curves. The transformation of French *Grades* into English *Degrees* comes in opportunely in these days of Anglo-French alliances; and the mode of laying out land in given figures, and of dividing fields into proportional parts, will be appreciated by those desirous of becoming practical surveyors. So, too, in "Parallel Sailing" is a problem taken from Cooke's new map of North Carolina—useful in the construction of charts; and we notice also a full explanations of some problems important in Hydrography.

No pupil can keep his mathematical knowledge distinct in his mind, or become an accurate and rapid computer, without much study and practice in the solution of problems. He may well understand how the work should be done, and may be able glibly to tell others what to do, but unless he employs his fingers in active operation, his information will be of little practical value, and in a short time will fade from his mind altogether. Our author has been fully aware of this truth, and has interspersed his work with many examples of the application of his principles. They are well selected, often convey some incidental benefit, are sometimes easy of solution, occasionally more difficult to be handled by those bountifully gifted with analytic and inventive talent.

It rejoices us to perceive that Prof. Phillips has had the kindness of heart to recal from exile our old friend, the *Rhumb* and the *Versed-sine.* And though he has been at some pains to show that the former is not so important a personage in the scientific household as the *Arc* of a *Great Circle*, we are convinced that the offices which both he and the versed-sine are made to perform, will permanently reinstate them.

It has not been attempted to mention all the particulars which make this manual a valuable acquisition to the teacher and the pupil. Containing full and lucid discussions of all the subjects usually embraced in elementary works on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, it gives the former ample foundation on which to base his instructions, while the latter, unassisted, might by its aid become respectably learned in the principles of the science. The relations of angles are in themselves, without regard to their utility, most worthy of careful attention, and the fond devotee of abstract investigation might delight in their study. Our author would teach his pupils, as is remarked in the preface, "to take pleasure in whatever is beautiful and true, even if they know not where it will be useful." But Trigonometry is of the highest practical importance. It points to Navigators their route on the ocean; it guides ships safe among sunken rocks on dangerous coasts: it maps out the Heavens and locates the stars; it is the hand-maiden of the land-surveyor, the engineer and the mechanic.

B.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

PUBLIC MEETING.

A meeting of former pupils and friends of Dr. Mitchell, resident in Greensboro and vicinity, was held in the Court House on Monday evening last, for the purpose of giving public expression to their feelings of grief and sympathy, excited by the painful intelligence of his death.

Hon. James T. Morehead was called to the Chair on motion of John H. Coble, and on motion of R. M. Sloan, Jr., Charles E. Shober, Esq., was appointed Secretary.

On taking the chair, Mr. Morehead addressed the meeting appropriately and feelingly upon the mournful subject which had called it together. He was a student at the University when Dr. Mitchell first became connected with it, and had known him intimately ever since. He was therefore well qualified by length of acquaintance to speak of him.

On motion of Rev. C. H. Wiley, the chairman appointed a committee, consisting of Ralph Gorrell, Esq., R. P. Dick, Esq., Jesse H. Lindsay, Sr., W. L. Scott, Esq., J. A. Long, Esq. and Rev. C. H. Wiley, to prepare resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the meeting. The committee retired, and after a brief absence, reported through their chairman Rev. C. H. Wiley, the following Preamble and Resolutions:

WHEREAS, we have heard of the recent death of the Rev. ELISHA MITCHELL, D.D., late Professor in the University of our State, under circumstances peculiarly sad and startling, and well calculated to excite the tenderest interest and sympathy on the part of every lover of science, therefore,

Resolved, That we have received the tidings of this melancholy event with emotions of profound sorrow, cherishing as we do a lively recollection of the many amiable qualities, of the great and varied acquirements, and of the long, laborious and useful services of our lamented friend and instructor.

Resolved, That we regard the death of Prof. Mitchell as a public calamity, long identified as he has been with the progress of science and scientific improvements in North Carolina, devoted to her interests and her honor, and for many years an invaluable member of the Faculty of her University which is greatly indebted to his zeal, his learning and his industry for its eminent success and illustrious character.

Resolved, That we cordially respond to the suggestion that some fitting and lasting memorial to the memory and character of the deceased should be erected among those stupendous scenes amid which he fell a Martyr to the cause of Science, and that, to this end, we will contribute with our means and influence.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased with the expression of our sincerest condolence and sympathy, and that copies also be sent to the Faculty of the University and to each of the Literary Societies with a request, that they be entered on the *records* of the University and filed in the Archives of the Societies.

Mr. Wiley accompanied the report of the resolutions with a few remarks mainly explanatory of the manner of Dr. Mitchell's death, as he had received it from a resident of the region of country where the painful casualty occurred, and then the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

On motion of Julius Gorrell, Esq., the newspapers of the town were requested to publish the proceedings of the meeting, and then, on motion, it was adjourned.

JAMES T. MOREHEAD, Ch'n.
CHARLES E. SHOBER, Sec'y.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a called meeting of the Columbian Literary Society, Normal College, on Thursday 9th July, 1857, in consequence of the death of our late and much esteemed associate A. T. J. OWEN, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted,

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in the just and wise dispensation of his Providence, to take from our midst, our highly and much respected friend and brother, who departed this life on Wednesday, 8th July at 10 o'clock, A. M.

1. *Resolved*, Therefore, that while we bear, with all due fortitude and resignation every act of Him who rules in accordance with infinite wisdom and goodness, we cannot but deeply lament this afflictive decree of his Providence, which has cut down in the bloom and ardency of youth, one of such high hopes and fair prospects for a successful and useful career in life; and which has deprived his friends of one so dearly beloved, and our Society of one of its most useful and hopeful members.

2. *Resolved*, That we deeply and sincerely sympathize with the relations of the deceased in their sorrowful bereavement; and that in token of respect we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

3. *Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to superintend the arrangements for burial, and that the Society conduct the remains to the place of interment.

4. *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased, that the same be transcribed in our Society Records, and that a copy be forwarded to the N. C. C. Advocate and the Greensboro Times, for publication.

L. R. WRIGHT,
L. W. ANDREWS,
T. M. ANDERSON, } *Committee.*

SOUTHERN WOMEN. A letter in the Boston *Chronotype*, contains the following merited compliment to the fair daughters of the sunny South. We seldom see the truth so promptly expressed relative to any thing appertaining to the South, by persons in that quarter; and hence we copy it in compliment to all concerned:—

"The first thing that struck me in regard to the women of the South was their beauty of form, their symmetrical and harmonious figures. In this and in the ease and grace of their motions they excel the Northern women. Many of them dress with exquisite taste—often very richly, but seldom gaudily, or with any display of tinsel. The proverbial affability and urbanity of the Southern character finds the fullest development in the women. The Southern lady is naturally and necessarily easy, unembarrassed and polite. You may go into the country where you please; you may go as far as you please from town, village and post office; you may call at the poorest house you can find, and whether you accost maid or matron, you will be answered with the same politeness and treated with the same spontaneous courtesy."

Apples and pears, cut into quarters and stripped of the rind, baked with a little water and sugar, and eaten with boiled rice, are capital food for children.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

Many long months have passed, since I have written anything for your excellent sheet, and with them have come changes, some sad, some joyous.

Then I was laboring in "Old Guilford," and rejoicing in the favor of God shown to the blessed Sunday School work, in leading young hearts to Christ. Some we then welcomed to the Church of Christ, we have since followed to the lonely grave—lonely, did we say? No, 'twas not lonely, for a halo of light seemed to gild the tomb, and we longed to lie down also to rest in that lowly bed. We, too, said, "O that our work was finished thus early, that we might go home too, and rest from our toilsome labors in the bosom of Jesus." But nay, God seems yet to have a work for me to do, and may I wait patiently all my appointed time till He comes.

Two weeks since, I left the familiar scenes of Guilford, to labor for the religious instruction of youth and children in this mountainous region. Our trip will long be remembered as among the pleasant scenes of this mingled life. Though our company was large, (three on a seat and one outside) there was not one too many, for they were choice spirits. From Charlotte to Asheville, occupied one day and a half, and never was that time spent pleasanter on stage coach The excellent manner in which the road is stocked, reflects a great credit on Messrs. Baxter and Adams, proprietors. One thing was remarked by all—the sobriety and gentlemanly conduct of the drivers which caused us to feel safe, in the most dangerous places. When we take into account the beautiful and grand scenery of the route, the ease and comfort with which it is accomplished, we wonder North Carolinians will go to other States in search of pleasure. We feel safe in saying for majestic grandeur, there is no State that can furnish an equal to the "Hickory Nut Gap." The lover of Nature, when clothed in her robes of grandeur, can here feast his soul, as he gazes on lofty cliffs rising to the very clouds, great overhanging crags, looking as if ready to leap from their giddy heights into the cool and limpid waters beneath them, to bathe their sun-burned sides, which have been scorched by the piercing rays of a thousand summers. Nor is this sublimity unmixed with beauty; for we turn our eyes from these rough crags to the perpendicular walls, rising hundreds of feet from the bed of the river which flows at their base, and presenting as perfect a front, as though fitted by the chisel of the mason.

But the sublimity of the mountain cliffs, the beauty of walls of granite, stretching for miles before us, and rising to a lofty height, are forgotten as our eyes fall upon a beautiful silvery stream, which falls as if from the very clouds into the abyss beneath. This beautiful sheet is visible for miles, as it reflects the sun's rays resembling the purest silver in whiteness. Here the ideal and sublime are both combined, and that soul must be dead indeed which does not here realize something of the greatness and majesty of that Being, who reared the mountains, and taught the waters where to flow. Here we seem to stand in the very presence chamber of the Great and All-wise Architect.

That man who can gaze on Nature as here seen, and then dare utter the impious sentence, "*There is no God*," deserves the pity of every feeling heart, for he is a man lost to reason, and to all the finer feelings of our nature; not man, but brute. As well might an angel stand before the Eternal Throne, blazing with the light of Deity, and say, "God is not here."

Those who travel for health, need not be at the expense of seeking the Red or White Sulphur in Virginia, for our own State possesses all the health giving advantages to be found there. In Buncombe county are numerous excellent Chalybeate and Sulphur Springs pronounced by good judges superior to any in our country and surrounded by scenery unsurpassed in the States.

Now we have such an excellent line of stages to Asheville, why will people who have the means necessary, spend their summers in the sultry climate of the "low country," the physician their most frequent visitant, and the "Blues" their daily companion; when nature has provided so nobly for their wants in the cool, bracing, healthful air of this region, which blended with pure and medicated fountains, gushing forth in abundance amid grand and lovely scenery, gives life and buoyancy to the spirits, health to the body, and vigor to the mind.

Poor invalid, try it. Let Apothecaries and Quacks send their drugs to those who live not in a State so blessed of Nature, but come thou here and put thyself under Nature's care. J. B. MARSH.

FATE OF DR. EVANS.—The fate of this fillibuster is no longer problematical. He was executed at Alter. At Fort Yuma he became dissatisfied, left, and proceeded to Sonora alone. He was arrested at Altar, and after the capture of Gen Crabbe at Cavorce, was allowed to converse with him before his execution.

Even the teeth were knocked out of the head of Gen. Crabb, after the decapitation, for the purpose of getting the gold with which some of them were plugged. None of the bodies were buried. They were left to be devoured up by the hogs, and their remains would never have received the rights of sepulture, but for the humanity of Papago Indians.

THE YACHT AMERICA.—This celebrated yacht which so gloriously distanced the combined yacht squadron of Great Britain, in the summer of 1851, lies in a ship-builder's yard, near Tilbury Fort, (Eng.) completely destroyed with dry rot.—*Porter's Spirit of the Times.*

PRIVATE CORNER.

A. T.:—Much obliged for your letter. Your lines appear on first page, with a slight mistake, however, in the initials, which should be A. T., instead of H. T. Hope you will write again.

.....

G. W. C.:—Your next Note shall appear next week. Received your letter in time to make correction as you have already seen. We feel very much obliged for your kindness.

.....

MATTIE MELNOTTE:—Hope you will continue your "Heart Pictures" as you propose, until the numbers are all completed. The first shall appear soon. Much happiness to you, and may your life never furnish material for a *sad* "heart picture."

.....

L. W. A.:—"Home again" next week. Hope you may have "nothing better to do" often.

.....

☞ When the warm season first set in, we had some fears for our contribution box, which though well filled, yet began to sink rapidly. More or less this is always the case during the heat of Summer, but we would very respectfully suggest to our contributors and to all who suffer from the heat, that perhaps they might find a cooling tendency in divesting themselves occasionally of their *burning* thoughts. A word to the wi e is sufficient.

HEAVY SHIPMENT OF VEGETABLES.—The steamer Jamestown, which leaves this afternoon, is to take on 2,500 bbls. of vegetables at Norfolk for New York. Last week she took 2,400 bbls. The Roanoke on her last trip carried 2,900 bbls. vegetables, 400 boxes tobacco, and 150 bundles of paper.

The above is from the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch* of the 7th inst., which states that the paper was for the New York *Herald* and the *Tribune*, and was manufactured in North Carolina.

What would the North do without the South?—They are dependent upon us for our cotton and tobacco, and other agricultural productions, and they are now sending to us for paper!—*Wil. Herald.*

COUNTERFEIT BANK NOTES.—The Richmond *National American* learns that counterfeit $10 notes on the Farmers' Bank have made their appearance in that city, and that in some instances parties who ought to know have been deceived and received them as genuine. The signature of the President, Wm. H. Macfarland, is said to be admirably executed. The Cashier's is a rather poor imitation of the genuine. Counterfeit $10's on the Bank of Cape Fear (N. C.) are as plentiful as blackberries in August.

What do we often drop, yet never stoop to pick up? A hint.

MARRIED,

On the evening of the 14th inst., by the Rev. William J. Ogburn, Mr. PINKNEY R. WHARTON, to Mrs. JANE E. YOUNG, all of Rockingham Co. N. C.

On Tuesday 7th inst., by Francis Simpson, Esq., Mr. JAS. E. LOPKINS and Miss MARTHA, daughter of Sampson L. Cryon, dec'd, all of Rockingham.

DIED,

At his residence in Alamance county, on the 18th inst., of paralysis, GEORGE ALBRIGHT, in the 69th year of his age.

CANDIDATES.

☞ We are authorized to announce LYNDON SWAIM, as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Court Clerk of Guilford.

☞ We are authorized to announce B. G. GRAHAM as a candidate for the Office of County Court Clerk, for Guilford County.

☞ We are authorized to announce W. D. TROTTER as a candidate for the Office of Clerk of the Superior Court for the County of Guilford.

☞ We are authorized to announce J. W. PAYNE as a candidate for the office of Superior Court Clerk of Guilford.

☞ We are authorized to announce J. W. C. WOOLLEN as a candidate for the Office of Superior Court Clerk for the County of Guilford.

Oxygenated Bitters in Canada. The Editor of the Montreal Pilot, Sept 2 1856, says: There is no medicine we take so much pleasure in recommending to our friends as *Dr. Green's Oxygenated bitters.* Unlike most proprietory medicines, it does not profess to cure "all the ills flesh is heir to," but simply *Dyspepsia* and its attendant symptoms of deran gement of the stomach. It has long been held in favor with our first medical men; some of whom are never backward in awarding merit where it belongs Its success in our city has given it a reputation surpassed by no other similar preparation. Our attention has been called to this subject by a young man in our office who had been suffering for some weeks severely from indigestion, loss of appetite, &c, *having been entirely relieved in a few days by the use of these bitters*; there are hundreds who will read this who need such a medicine, and would use it if they had half the confidence in it we have.

SETH W. FOWLE & Co., 138 Washington Street, Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents every where.

EDGEWORTH FEMALE SEMINARY.—The next Session of this Institution will commence on Monday, August 3d, 1857. For admission apply to
RICHARD STERLING.
Greensboro, N. C. (81:6w) *Principal.*

SOMETHING NEW!
A FAMILY PROVISION STORE!

MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of
FAMILY GROCERIES,
which will be sold cheap for cash.
☞ Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

FRESH ARRIVALS.—Per Schr. A. J. DeRosset, from New York:
90 Boxes Colgates No. 1, Pale Soap,
5 Bbls Leaf Lard,
2 Chests Imperial Green Tea,
1 " Black do.
25 Reams wrapping paper. Low for cash at
GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.

NOTICE—THE SUBSCRIBER is now prepared to furnish a superior quality of fancy Dress, Opery and Waterproof Boots, footing, &c. And must be sold low for CASH. Call and see at his old stand, nothing is charged for showing.
H. H. BRADY.
Greensboro, July 15. (80:3m)

RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; Tit for Tat, a reply to, "Dud;" Magdeline Hepburn, by the author of Zaidee; Live and Learn; Prince of the House of David; Missing Bride; Spurgeon, the modern Whitfield; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store. E. W. OGBURN & Co.
Jan. 1857.

WILMORE SIMMS' WORKS Complete, New and Revised Editions, with Illustrations. **Revolutionary Tales**—The Partisan; Mellichampe; Katharine Walton; The Scout; Woodcraft, The Forayers Eutaw; **Border Romances**—Guy Rivers; Richard Hurdis; Border Beagles; Charlemont; Beauchampe; Confession; The Yemassee; Southword, Ho! **Poems**—In two volumes. At the Book Store by
April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

MELANOTYPES AND AMBROTYPES:—The Subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the ladies and gentlemen of Greensborough and vicinity to his Melanotype Pictures which are taken on sheet iron manufactured expressly for the purpose. In richness of tone, warmth of expression, completeness of detail, and boldness of feature, good Melanotypes are not surpassed for durability. There is no question of their superiority. They will receive a fall without a fracture, a bend without injury; may be washed off when soiled, be handled without the face being marred, unless abused by rough scratching which would deface the best oil painting; they are susceptible of high and very beautiful coloring; they are suitable for Lockets, Breast-pins, Rings, &c. The above pictures are taken and put up in a style not surpassed in the State.
Prices varying from **$1.00** to **$10.00**, according to size and quality. Transparent pictures put up by the New Silicinted process.
Room No. 4 on 2nd story of Garrett's New Brick Building.
May 6. A. STARRETT.

GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL.—The next Session of this school will commence on Monday 13th of July, in the *new building*. Terms as heretofore. For further information apply to J. D. CAMPBELL,
June 30, 1857. (78:3w) *Principal.*

Hesperian Harp, Note Book by Rev. Wm. Hauser, for sale by
June 24. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

MONEY WANTED.—All those indebted to S. Archer by Book account up to the first of July, will please call and settle before the 25 of this month or they will find their accounts, in the hands of officers, and no mistake. S. ARCHER.
July 1857. 80::2w.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE.—The Fall Session of 1857, will commence on Thursday the 31st day of July. It is very desirable that all pupils be present at the opening of the Session.
For full particulars, apply to the subscriber.
T. M. JONES
June 23, 1857. (77::6t)
*** Patriot & Message, Greensboro. Herald & Banner, Salisbury, please insert five weeks.

BOOK MUSLINS, JACONETT, Swiss & Cambric, both figured and plain. Diaper and Linen table covers, Whalebone and figured skirting, grass corded, and Hooped Skirts for sale at cash prices by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!
JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.
Also,
SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by
W. C. PORTER

MASONIC INSTITUTE,
GERMANTON, N. C.
The Fall Session of this Institution will commence July 23rd, 1857. It is very desirable that the students be present, if possible, at the Commencement of the Session.
TERMS FOR FIVE MONTHS.
Tuition varies from.....$10.00 to 15.00
Board, everything furnished except candles, from $35.00 to 40.00
Incidentals..... 1.00
The Masonic Institute is located in a *private* and handsome village 14 miles north of Salem, and of easy access from all points by regular stages. It is in the vicinity of the Pilot and Blue Ridge Mountains and Piedmont Springs—a region of country remarkable for the healthfulness of its climate, and the beauty of its scenery.
The large and well selected Libraries, Laboratory and Museum belonging to the Institute, afford collegiate facilities for thorough and practical instruction in almost all the departments of Science and Literature.
Letters addressed to Wm T. Gannaway, or J. E. Shumate, will receive prompt attention.
(77::6w.)

New Books just received at the Book Store.
Lena Rivers, Mrs. M. J. Holmes.
The Heiress of Greenhurst, Mrs. Stephenson.
Adam Graeme of Mossgray, by the Author of Zaidee.
Indigenous Races of the Earth.
Inquire Within, or 3700 facts for the people.
For sale by E. W. OGBURN & Co.
June 24.

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails, Cordage, &c. R. G. LINDSAY,
N. E. corner of Elm & Market.
April, 1856.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE. A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to
July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anker Brand Cloths of all Nos. from 1 to 12, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted, delivered at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad.
R. G. LINDSAY,
April, 1857. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

HAND VICES, BEEF MALLS, German, Blister & Cast Steel, Wheat, Meal, & Sand Sieves, received and for sale by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

Annals of Southern Methodism, 1856, Deems' for sale by
June 24. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

Offers to Sell Land for Sale.

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have a regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making.
JAMES M. HUGHES,
March 12, 1857.

MARBLE YARD,
NORTH STREET OPPOSITE HOPKINS HOTEL,
Greensboro, N. C.
THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a Marble Shop a few doors North of the Court House, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of MONUMENTS, TOMBS and GRAVE STONES, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. He flatters himself that for workmanship he will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
GEO. HEINRICH.
Feb. 2, 1857. (57::1y.)

The Teacher

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

PETTY ANNOYANCES.

BY DESTLVIS.

Can you tell me, any body, why it is that most people become provoked in the management of inanimate things? I have a little nephew by my side, a sprightly and sensible little fellow, with whom I have numberless times sympathized in his petty annoyances. He is going to school, and a few mornings since began to cry and fret, just after breakfast, because he imagined he could not get the lesson given him by his mistress. "It was too long, there were too many hard words in it, and the recitation hour would come too soon." The lesson was not longer than common; the words were scarcely so hard as usual, for they were such as occur in a description of the Eastern States; and as to the recitation hour, it was well established, and in no instance had the mistress failed to call the class when it arrived. It was sufficient, however, that the child did not think so. He was enraged at the difficulties before him, and threw down his books in a perfect gust of passion. He "confounded" the old hard dry things, and wished heartily they were "burnt up." The man that made them ought to be "hung," for he was as "mean" as he could be. As to reasoning with him in this mood, one might as well have attempted to bring it to bear upon an untamed tiger. I endeavored to soothe Billy's exasperated feelings by the use of soft words, asked him to come to me, and promised him my assistance. I did not reprove him, for if I had felt disposed so to do, experience taught me that was not the proper time. I read his lesson over slowly and distinctly, pronounced the hard words, and gave such explanations as I thought he needed. It seemed to lighten his grievances very much; whereupon, I requested him to try to read for himself. He made an effort, and it was crowned with success. He now began to smile, though the big tears had scarcely ceased to roll down his cheeks. Twice more he read it over, after which I examined him, and found that he had learned perfectly every part of the lesson. He then played cheerfully for half an hour, went to school when the bell was rung, and received a ticket for his good lesson. On his return, I began to allude good humoredly to his behavior in the morning, when he placed his little hand upon my mouth with an imploring look, as much as to say, "please do not mention it!"

Now it will be readily conceded that the fault was in little Billy, and not in his long lesson, or the hard words. He arose from his bed in an ill humor, and was not therefore in a condition to view things in their proper light. His hair was tangled and the comb pulled it severely. This made his biscuits too cold and his coffee too hot, and sadly deranged everything else that came in his way. If I had assisted him soothingly in combing his hair, as I did to get his lesson, perhaps all his subsequent provocations might have been avoided. As it was, one paved the way for another. If you ask me why the child was ill when he arose, I suggest that he slept under too much covering, was slightly indisposed, or had unpleasant dreams.

At times, Billy's sister feels indisposed to play with him, and he considers the disappointment a great grievance. He strikes his finger with a hammer in attempting to drive a nail, and thereupon invokes the heaviest imprecations on that instrument. When he calls his dog, and the animal from laziness disregards his calling, he instantly becomes furious, having already discovered that it was man's province to be obeyed. The wind blows his hat off, and he boldly pronounces that element an unauthorized meddler with his right and property. Such are his annoyances and grievances. They are pretty sure to produce an outbreak of passion, the extravagance of which depends to some extent on the mood in which he happens at the time. They are little clouds obscuring his morn, which, like those of summer, when they have passed away, are succeeded by a most pleasant sunshine. They are, as the faults of a friend should be, overshadowed by the lustre of virtues that cluster around.

But there are thousands of persons much older than Billy who exhibit all his want of reason when annoyances arise. Two learned judges were once returning home from their circuits in the eastern part of this State. They reached the town of ——ville an hour or two after nightfall, and found near the market-house a number of boys, who concluded to have some sport in throwing "crackers" at the traveler's horses. Both horses became greatly frightened, and it was with the greatest difficulty they could be commanded by the reins. Judge —— became enraged at the pranks of the thoughtless boys, upbraided them in the hardest terms, and finally threatened and cursed alternately. This was just what the boys desired; another string of crackers was thrown, with hope, of course, of continuing the pretty scene as long as possible. Judge —— was cool and deliberate, and saw plainly the error into which his friend had fallen.

"My little gentlemen," said he, in a most persuasive tone, "you will oblige me very much by discontinuing your sport till my horse has passed, for he is quite unruly."

Soft words had the desired effect, and none of the boys could afterwards have been persuaded to continue the mischievous annoyance.

The apostle Peter affords a prominent example of the consequences that may result from a slight annoyance. His master had been forcibly taken to answer a charge, and he followed him, not, as we understand, to be instrumental in procuring his release, but merely as one curious to see what would be done. When one of those standing by, told Peter he was with his master when the latter was taken, which was a fact, apprehending danger to himself, though no good reason appears for it, he denied emphatically, not without evident offence. The charge being repeated, he petulantly disclaimed. On being told a third time that he was certainly one of Christ's followers, he could no longer forbear, but cursed and swore in the height of his anger.

Gen. Charles Lee was so much annoyed by small matters that thereby his whole life was rendered miserable.

"Thatcher," says Headly, "in his military journal, tells an amusing incident illustrating both his dreadful temper and profanity. Judge Breckinridge, of Philadelphia, had excited Lee by some galling paragraph he had published about his conduct, and the latter challenged him. The Judge declined the honor in a very odd and laughable manner; and so Lee provided himself with a horsewhip, and seeing his enemy going down market street one day, gave chase. The latter no sooner saw him than he ran into a public house and bolted the door in his face. Lee immediately began to swear at him, telling him to come out and fight like a man. The humorous Judge replied, that he never had a fancy to be shot at, and had rather not, if it was just as agreeable. By this time a crowd had gathered around, and hearing Breckenridge's droll replies to Lee's threats, burst into uproarious laughter. This maddened the latter still more and he cursed Breckenridge dreadfully, and dared him to come out, and he would horsewhip him. The imperturbable Judge replied, with the utmost simplicity, that he had no occasion for such discipline,—he never liked it when a child, and did not now. Shouts of laughter followed; and Lee at length finding he was making himself ridiculous, retired, when the Judge quietly walked forth.

Paul and Barnabas had a "sharp contention" about a small matter. Balaam rode an ass, with which, after having his foot jammed against a wall, he engaged in quite an interesting conversation, declaring in his anger, "I would there were a sword in my hand, for now I would kill thee." Xerxes, because mount Athos towered in the way between him and his enemies, made a speech of more length than wisdom to it, and finally took revenge by cutting out his way rather than march around.

The petty annoyances to which most men are subject, take their origin in habitual domination. So in the case of little Billy, which led us in this train of reflection. He is accustomed to have whatever he wants, from a hat or coat down to a potato or piece of pie. He rules absolutely in his sphere, though fortunately it is not very large. All persons around him are in the habit of conforming to his wishes, for the purpose of enjoying a hearty laugh, if no other. The child, therefore, expects inanimate things to conform to his will in like manner; disappointed in the vain expectation, an outbreak of passion ensues. It has never occurred to Billy that *he* must submit to inanimate things as they are. He views them as servants, and considers he has a right to be offended at disobedience.

The unpardonable petulance of men has the same origin, for we find it most strikingly exhibited in those who have been accustomed to exercise complete domination. This is established in the case of Xerxes. He was a tyrant, and his subjects obeyed every command without a moment's hesitation. As his will had been supreme law from infancy, he was enraged at finding his purposes thwarted by "proud Athos." Gen. Lee, whose business was to command, is but another example.

If this position be correct, petulance is by no means an indication of a want of sense. It is clearly the result of bad education, disease or chagrin. When it is discovered by teachers or parents, it is as much their duty to eradicate it as to crush any other rising evil. Undoubtedly it often originates, or is greatly increased by a peculiar condition of the system, by ill fortune, or by the state of the weather. Many persons are quite tart when they first rise in the morning; the very nature of some seems to undergo a thorough change by failure in their undertakings; even a cloudy or rainy day makes many very unpleasant companions.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Lost Suit.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

Thinking! thinking! thinking
All the live long day!
Dreaming! dreaming! dreaming
All the hours away!
How I long to bolt and bar
Up the heart's door, standing wide,
Letting in the thoughts and dreamings,
Trooping on the outer side—
But I cannot—*I have tried!*

"Will you think of me, then, love?"
And I answered "*No!*"
This was in the olden time days,
Many moons ago;
Every one that's waxed and waned,
In the upland bounds of blue,
Found me, in the court of Honor,
"Guilty," for it wasn't true!—
That small negative to you!

Old judge Conscience sat, in state,
On the bench of feeling,
With the counsel for defence,
To the Court appealing;
State's Attorney won the laurels,
Thundered loudly for redress;
Jury of Twelve Facts impanneled,
Rendered "verdict"—you may "guess"—
Take the "*cost*,"—then—"Yes!"

The young gentleman who went off with an angel in book muslin, has returned with a termagant in hoops.

Why is the tolling of a bell like the prayer of a hypocrite? Bekäse it is a solemn sound by a thughtless tongue.

Farm, House and Fyn.

A Gem.

Oh! would'st thou delve, my lady,
Within my depth of eye—
To see if there be hidden
Some pearl of rarest dye?

Oh! seek it there, my lady,
And thou shalt find the best,
Thy image there reflected,
A gem worth all the rest.

From the Richmond Whig.

Remedy for the Chinch Bug.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As chinch bug has become almost the universal topic among farmes, and its destructiveness, especially of the corn, at this season, a matter of the deepests concern, it seems to me that a remedy that would put an end to its ravages, would be a desideratum. This remedy, (having been a sufferer to a very considerable extent myself,) I think I have found out, and publish for the benefit of my brother farmers. It is *Scotch snuff*, a cheap article, costing not more than 20 cts. per pound, of easy and simple application, and does no injury whatever to the corn. It is about this time, after the wheat field has been mowed, the chinch bug decamps, and commences its work of mischief in the contiguous or adjoining corn fields. They are sure to attack the young corn along the borders of the field—and may be seen clustering around the lower part of the stalks, in the shape of a black ring. At first they do not penetrate far into the corn field, but confine themselves to the outskirts until they have pretty well exhausted that part. They afterwards advance, multiplying as they go, into the interior of the field. If when they are first discovered, a small portion of Scotch snuff be sprinkled upon them, whilst adhering to the stalk, they will be seen to fall off and die instantly—nor do they resuscitate. The best time for applying it, is of a morning when there is dew upon the stalks, or after a rain, the light powder then readily attaching. If this plan were universally adopted, and in time to stop their progress, I feel persuaded, not only that many a barrel of corn would be saved, but that this tribe of insects in a short time would become extinct. The labor to accomplish this, would be very trifling—the cost little or nothing. Five or six pounds of Scotch snuff, applied to the rows along the margin of the field would protect the entire corn crop, and speedily cut short the career of these little destroyers.

July 9th, 1857. J. N. POWELL.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN OUR LAST:—

*

* *

* * *

HOPEFUL YOUTH.—"You want a flogging that's what you do!"

"I know I do, dad, but I'll try to get along without it."

LABELS.—I notice a great deal said in Co. Gent. about *labels*. I have been in the habit of using a kind that answers admirably, and costs *almost nothing*. Get strips of *tin*, and with *aqua fortis* (*nitric acid*) and a *glass pen*, you can make a very durable label.

A man frequently admits that he was wrong, but a woman, never—she was "only mistaken."

Is Consumption Curable.—We cannot doubt that in many cases of seated Consumption a cure has been effected solely by the use of the Wild Cherry preparation of Dr. Wistar. Its healing effects are certainly wonderful.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

I am Happy though I'm Faint.

BY INVALID.

I am young in years and yet disease,
Hath made me faint and weak;
Hath robbed me of my youthful ease,
And paled my blooming cheek:
Hath stretched me on a couch of pain,
And made me feel how frail I am.

I often think of by-gone days;
And oh! how short it seems,
Since I was but a sportive boy,
Enjoying boyish dreams:
When life was all so fresh and young,
And ere by pain my frame was wrung.

I know these eyes to other eyes
Look not so bright and glad
As once they looked; and yet 'tis not
Because my heart's more sad:
Aye not because within my breast,
There is no gleam of happiness.

I never watched with purer joy
The floating clouds and skies,
While glistening tears of rapture fill
And overflow my eyes:
I never felt a purer joy,
Which pangs of pain can ne'er destroy.

And when I mark the check where once
The rose-tints used to glow,
It grieves me not to see instead
The lily on my brow:
For though my eyes are not so bright,
My spirits are as gay and light.

I've seen the flower grow old and pale
And wilted more than I;
I've seen it lose its every charm
And droop away and die:
And then again I've seen it rise
Far brighter than the beaming skies.

Then what if I've grown weak and faint!
My heart is changeless still,
And God has given me enough
This loving heart to fill:
Enough to cheer my wounded breast
When grim despair would fain depress.

I love to see the sun go down,
And lengthening shadows throw
Along the ground, while o'er my head
The clouds in crimson glow:
I love to watch their changing forms
As they prepare for coming storms.

I see behind those gorgeous clouds,
A country bright and fair,
Which needs no sun—God and the lamb—
Its light and beauty are:
Where dazzling rays of heavenly light
Fore'er dispel the shades of night.

I seem to hear the wondrous song
Which ransomed sinners sing;
And my heart leaps up to join the throng,
To praise the heavenly King:
To sit forever 'round the throne
Where pain and sickness never come.

1,000 MEN WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

Please read this!

$25	$25 PER MONTH.	$25
50	50 PER MONTH.	50
75	75 PER MONTH.	75
100	100 PER MONTH.	100
125	125 PER MONTH.	125
150	150 PER MONTH.	150
PER MONTH	The above sums have been and are constantly being made by my efficient Agents, in selling *the Prince of the House of David*, and other popular works. I have about 150 Agents now in the field, who are making from **$25 to $150 a month.**	PER MONTH
300	There are many persons out of employment, who, *if they had the courage to try*, could do well for themselves, and do the *public* a great favor, by introducing my really excellent Books.	300
600	I publish none but *GOOD AND SALEABLE WORKS!*	600
900	"The Prince of the House of David" will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price, (**$1.25.**)	900
1200	Persons out of employment, would do well to send for my Catalogue! With terms to Agents which will be sent, postage paid, on application.	1200
1500	Address,	1500
1800	H. DAYTON, *Publisher*,	1800
PER YEAR.	29 Ann st., cor, Nassau, N. Y.	PER YEAR.
	$300, 600, 900, 1200, 1500, 1800, PER YEAR.	

$200 WORTH of BOOKS to be GIVEN AWAY!!! just published, Madelon Hawley, or, the Jesuit and his Victim: a Revelation of Romanism, by WM. EARLE BINDER.

This is one of the most thrilling Revelations ever published and one that will have an enormous sale. Our arrangements are such as will enable us to supply at least 2,000 *Copies per Week*, and we hope thus to be able to meet the demand.

The book contains nearly 300 pages, 12mo. *with several fine Illustrations*, and sells at $1.00, in cloth, full gilt back.

If you would like a copy, enclose us one dollar in a letter, with Post Office address plainly written, and you will receive a copy by return of mail, postage paid.

5,000 Agents wanted immediately!!!

To engage in the sale of the above work.

In addition to the usual commission to agents, we shall present the person who sells the largest number of copies of the above work before the *first day of September*, 1857, with a Library of one hundred Volumes *of Standard Works*, valued at one hundred dollars.

The person who sells the next largest number, with a Library of fifty Volumes *of Standard Works*, valued at fifty dollars! and the person selling the third and fourth largest numbers, *each* with a Library of twenty-five Volumes, valued at twenty-five dollars.

Here is a rare opportunity for engaging in a business which *will pay well*, with the chance of securing a VALUABLE LIBRARY, FREE OF CHARGE.

For terms to Agents (or a sample copy, if you wish it, for which $1.00 must be enclosed,) address, H. DAYTON, *Publisher*,
(78::4t) No. 29 Ann Street, N. Y.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON,

DENTISTS,

Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.

The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.

January 1, 1856. 1-1y.

DISSOLUTION.—The Firm of Harrell & Moring has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the Firm will be settled by G. W. Harrell.

Sept., 1856. HARRELL & MORING.

Tailoring—Fall and Winter Fashions.

Geo. W. Harrell takes this method of informing the public that he has received his supply of Paris, New York and Philadelphia Fashions for the Fall and Winter of 1856.

From my long experience, and the many advantages I have had, having been a pupil of Mr. J. W. Albright, of Philadelphia, celebrated for his skill in the art, I flatter myself that I cannot be excelled in *GARMENT CUTTING* in this country.

I hereby return my grateful acknowlegments for the very liberal patronage I have received since I have been in business here, and hope to merit and receive a liberal share of public favor,

My Shop is up stairs, over the Store of Mr. Wm. S. Gilmer, and immediately opposite the Bland House. G. W. HARRELL.

Oct., 1856. 40::tf

NEW BOOKS—JUST RECEIVED.—The Star and Cloud, or a Daughter's Love, by A. S. Poe; The Artist's Bride, or the Pawn Broker's Heir, Bennet; The American Citizen, Hopkins; The Violet, or the Cross and the Crown, McIntosh; Life of Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy, Stewart; Poems of Ossian; Old Horne, the Pawn-Broker, or the Orphan's Legacy; My last Cruise, or Where we went and What we saw, Habersham; The Rangers and the Regulators of the Tanaha; Vicar of Wakefield, Goldsmith; Hood's Poems; Longfellow's Poems; Counsel to the Awakened, or Path of Safety; Poems National and Patriotic by Cutter; Torrey's Interest Tables; The Prince of the House of David, Patton; Humorous Poetry of the English Language; Eliza Cook's Poems; Bancroft's History of the United States, six volumes; Cyclopædia of American Literature, Duyckinck; &c., &c.

At the Book Store by
April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE, having settled in Greensboro', where she expects to carry on Bleaching, Cutting, Triming and Shaping of Bonnets, flatters herself from her long experience in the business, that she can give satisfaction to all who may give her a call. She can make the most ill-shaped Bonnet look as bright as if new. She is prepared to furnish the most fashionable Trimmings.

All work sent from a distance shall be promptly attended to. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction.

Call in the corner house in the rear of Messrs. J. & F. GARRETT'S STORE. (44:tf)

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.—The subscriber being desirous of selling out, offers to the public his very valuable Plantation on which he now lives, situated on the Danville Road 10 miles from Greensboro. The tract is well timbered, well watered, has good bottom land, and has a good Dwelling House and all the necessary out buildings to render a farm residence pleasant, with a very good well in the yard. The Tract contains between 250 and 300 acres of Land.

It will be sold at private sale on reasonable terms and payments arranged to suit the purchaser. WM. D. SMITH.

July 13, 1857. 80-tf.

☞ Patriot & Flag, copy.

J. N. WOOD,
AUCTION, COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANT,
Goldsborough, N. C.,

WILL attend to the sale of Flour and other Produce. 14tf

All kinds of Blanks for Sale.

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.

July, 1856.

Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.

Also,

Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes,
Sinclair's Little Champion, & Corn & Cob Crushers.
Leavelt's improved Young America.
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added. JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27:tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER

LAMAR HOUSE,
(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE,)
KNOXVILLE, TENN.,
S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*

MR. STERLIN LANIER, late of the Lanier House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54:1y

THE FAR-FAMED AND POPULAR
Maryland Lotteries
for July, 1857. R. FRANCE & CO., Managers. All Prize Scheme!! Grand Consolidated Lottery of Maryland, *Class I*, to be drawn SATURDAY, July 25th, in Baltimore, Md. *Drawings conducted under the superintendence of the State Lottery Commissioner.*

ALL PRIZE SCHEME.

☞ Each and every TICKET in this Lottery will be a PRIZE, for all those tickets without a drawn number, are each entitled to FIVE dollars gross!!! ☜

78 Numbers—12 Drawn Ballots.

1	$62.620	$62.620
2	12.000	25.000
2	10.000	20.000
2	8.000	16.000
2	6.000	12.000
5	5.000	25.000
10	2.600	26.000
196	400	78.400
66	200	13.200
66	100	6.600
66	90	5.940
66	60	3.960
4.092	40	163.680
25.740	20	514.800
45.760	5	228.800
76.076 prizes, amounting to		$1.202.000

Wholes $20; *Halves* 10; *Quarters* 5; *Eighths* 2.50.

Certificate of 26 Wholes,		$256 50
Do.	26 Halves,	128 25
Do.	26 Quarters,	64 12
Do.	26 Eighths,	32 06

HAVANA PLAN.
GRAND CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY of Md. *Extra Class 7*, to be drawn in Baltimore, Md., Friday, July 31st 1857.

SPLENDID SCHEME.

Capital Prizes.		*Approx. Prizes.*
1 prize of	$32.660	4 of $400
1 "	10.000	4 of 300
1 "	5.000	4 of 250
2 prizes of	4.000	8 of 200
2 "	3.000	8 of 150
2 "	2.500	8 of 100
2 "	2.000	8 of 90
2 "	1.750	8 of 80
2 "	1.500	8 of 70
2 "	1.250	8 of 60
20 "	750	80 of 50
20 "	600	00 of 40
40 "	400	160 of 30
103 "	300	412 of 30

1.000 prizes, amounting to $183.600
Whole Tickets $10; Halves 5; Quarters 2.50.

☞ Please address all orders for Tickets in the above Magnificent Schemes, to
T. H. HUBBARD & CO.
No. 39 Fayette st., or Box, No. 40,
(41::ly) Baltimore, Maryland.

AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE.—The Subscribers continue to manufacture Agricultural Machines and Implments, of the most approved patterns and superior workmanship. They ask attention to "Cardwell's Horse Power and Thresher," single and double geared, with Separator if required, which have taken a premium at every Fair at which they have been exhibited.

ALSO,

Croskill's Clod Crusher;
Many's Improved Reaper and Mower, the best in use;
Rich's Iron Beam Plow, highly approved;
Seymour & Sages Broad Cast Grain Sowers
Magic Corn and Cob Mill, an excellent machine;
Reynold's Wheat Fans, and several other patterns;
Corn Shellers, Hand and Horse Power, from $10 to $35;
Hay Presses; Wheat Drills; Corn Planters
Cider Mills; Grain Cradles; Hay Rakes;
Harrows;
Grain Gleaners; Tobacco Mills, &c., &c.

BALDWIN, CARDWELL & Co.,
(72—3m) No. 148 Main street, Richmond.

MONEY WANTED AND NO MISTAKE.—All those indebted to S. Archer by open account to January 1, 1857, are hereby notified that unless they settle by the 4th July next, their accounts will be placed into the hands of an officer.

June 16. S. ARCHER.

THE REVISED CODE.

50 COPIES received and for sale.
E. W. OGBURN.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER, Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Chees, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.

References.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Hellin, of Raleigg; J. & F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8::1y.

A New Book.

The Old North State in 1776; Second Series, by E. W. Caruthers, D.D., just published, and for sale by
Aug., 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—Important Announcement to all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the vice of Onanism, or Self Abuse, &c., &c.

The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, have directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all persons thus afflicted, who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty and suffering, to furnish Medicines *free of charge.*

The Howard Association is a benevolent Institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with "Virulent and Epidemic Diseases." It has now a surplus of means, which the Directors have voted to expend in advertising the above notice. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

Just published, by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the vice of Onanism, Masturbation or Self Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed envelope,) *free of charge*, on the receipt of *TWO STAMPS* for postage.

Address, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President.
GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. (59:1y)

COMMITTEES OF COMMON Schools from 3rd Monday April 1857 to 3rd Monday in April 1858.

DISTRICT.	NAMES OF COMMITTEE-MEN.
1	R. C. Scott G. L. Busic L. J. Apple.
2	W P Heath Daniel Huffines, Daniel R Low.
3	Jacob Gerringer John Paylor Wm Boon.
4	John Albright Hillery Huffman, G Starr.
5	Levi May, Jonathan Greeson, H Greeson.
6	John F Record, Henry Kime, Wm Smith.
7	A Maxwell, Wm Green Jno. M Wright.
8	Daniel Wirick, Jacob Smith, Henry Smith,
9	S H Denny, M. Wirick J. Gray.
10	Geo. Gannon Jno. A Pritchard J R Hanner.
11	D C Stewart, S Hunter, Gedeon Greeson.
12	Erevin Hanner Paul Coble J Hemphill.
13	James Gant, Spencer Bevill, J Parker.
14	Daniel Wirick, S McLintock, J Gilchrist
15	E Donnell, Jno. C Rankin, Thos. Buckhanan.
16	Jno. W. McMurray H A Sharp, R Kirkman.
17	W G Tucker, R D Thom, J B Gamble.
18	C Sinclair, Cornelius Dick, S W Barker.
19	Thomas E Moore, J Tatum, Jno. Pearson.
20	James Hobbs Andrew J Piles, Wm Scott.
21	Daniel Albright Caleb White, Lem Smith.
22	Alfred Ingold E F Cummings J N Short.
23	Samuel S Davis Wm Hodson, Geo. Beard.
24	R Stepheason, Wm Kirkman, Jno. Hall
25	C N Barham, T Goley, Jonathan Strader
26	John Lambeth, Jesse Case, Jno. Highfield.
27	L Kirkman, Wm M Cummings C Smith.
28	Timothy Russell, Dr. S Sapp J E Marlow.
29	Spinx Reece, Oran Linebury J J Armfield.
30	Wm Davis B F Wiley Anson Holton.
31	Jno. B. Dwiggins, Jno. Frazier, J Gordon
32	Saml. Donnell, A Moore, J Benbow.
33	Geo. Bowman Jonathan Bulla L Starbuck.
34	Elisha Charles, J A Davis Stephen White.
35	Dr. J Penix, Jno. Hedgecock D Wilburn.
36	W F Bowman A C Jones, Solomon Horney.
37	Wm Britain, C Booth, J A Hoskins.
38	C G Yates, A Weatherly, John Denny.
39	Pleasant McAdoo A Rankin, M Rankin.
40	Wm McMurray, L Rayl, Robt. McCuiston.
41	H C Dick E N McLean Willis Sikes.
42	M D Young S Rayl, John Kellum.
43	Ambrose Phillippie, O Friddle, C Neece.
44	T Rankin Wm. P Wharton J P Wooters.
45	J B Hounton, D M Kirkman, L S Kirkman.
46	J G Anthony Obed Anthony, J Coffin.
47	Morrison Donnell, N Hackett, L Hackett.
48	Harris Kirkman, G Stanley, R Caldwell.
49	D Foust, Joshua Clapp, J Foust.
50	Amos Stewart, J W Patterson, H Ledbetter.
51	T G Wharton, Henry Foust Wm M Clapp.
52	A H Lindsay, Thomas Macy, John Clark.
53	Dr. S G Coffin Wm Reece, W H Stanley.
54	Zebadee Kersey, J Henderson N Hunt Jr.
55	Charles Harden, Edward Kirkman, A Ross.
56	J Murphey, J Sillivan, Ithamer Armfield.
57	L R Kirkman, G W Suigot, J W Northam.
58	Nathan Johnson, J G Hedgecock S Sullivan.
59	Joshua Starr, Hance Corsbie Alfred Jones.
60	J Underwood Robert Thomas, J Carmon.
61	Thos. Warren, G Pegram, Wm. Anthony.
62	John Ricks, F Mason, Saml. Parsons.
63	Bingham Smith K Coltraine J Hodgin Jr.
64	J Bundy, M H Mendenhall, E E Mendenhall.
65	Hiram Cobb, Fountain McLean, J Denny.
66	Henry Wright, Jehu C Lamb, H Bundy.
67	Geo. Cable Alexander Hanner, S Swain.
68	Emsley Elliott, Abram Curtis, Wm. Layton.
69	D Waynack L L Kernodle P H Summers.
70	John Thomas, Peter Gerringer Asa Clapp.
71	S Thomas, Jos. A Houston, M S Sherwood.
72	David Cable, Eli Ingold, Daniel Ingold.
73	W A Russell, Jonathan Welch J J Welch.
74	O McMichael, J Wright, M B Weatherley.
75	Haywood Praddy Saml. S White J Brown.
76	James Dick James Paisly, J R Sloan.

By order Board Supt's.
71. E. W. OGBURN. Ch'r.

A NEW CABINET SHOP—J. A. PRITCHETT would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.

Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.*

He is desirous that all persons wishing anything in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop. 60::1y

NEW JEWELRY STORE:—THE Subscriber respectfully informs the people of Greensboro and vicinity, that he has permanently located himself in the establishment known as Mr. A. P. Eckle's Jewelry & Watchmaking Store opposite the Post Office, where he will keep constantly on hand a rich and varied assortment of all kinds of JEWELRY, which he will sell on the most accommodating terms, also will do *REPAIRING* with neatness and dispatch, and shall not fail to strive to please all who may be kind enough to give him a call. OTTO HUBER,
(70::3m) *Watchmaker & Jeweller.*
Greensboro, May 6, 1857.

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.

AT a meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including every thing necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, $6.50 per month.
Paid at the end of the Term, 7.00 "
Washing, 75 "

This will reduce the necessery expenses to about $105 per annum, for the highest rates.

Next term commences September 17.
B. CRAVEN.
Sept. 2, 1856. 31-tf

COACH & COPEL VARNISH.—White Lead, dry and in oil; Putty in cans, and Glass assorted sizes, just received and for sale at the cash store of
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

LAMPS.

A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

R. JUNIUS MENDENHALL,
Land Agent,

Will select and enter Government Lands with cash or warrants—make investments, loan money—and transact a general real estate Business throughout the North West.

Address, R. J. MENDENHALL,
(65::1y:) Minneapolis, Minnesota.

COLLINS & Co. GENUINE Hartford Axes, for sale at cash prices by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

LAST NOTICE.

All persons indebted to Rankin & McLean by book account are earnestly requested to call and settle the same with Cash or Note.

Longer indulgence cannot be expected by those who disregard this call.

JED. H. LINDSAY,
Trustee.
May 26 1857. 73::tf.

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

WHEREAS, THE LAST GENERAL ASSEMBLY, by an act entitled, "A supplementary act to take the sense of the people of the State relative to the proposed amendment of the Constitution," did enact as follows:

Whereas, a bill to amend the Constitution of the State of North Carolina, has been read in each house of the present General Assembly on three several days, and agreed to by two-thirds of each house respectively, in the precise words following: "A bill to amend the Constitution of the State of North Carolina:"

Whereas, at the session of the last General Assembly, begun and held at Raleigh, on the third Monday of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, a bill, entitled "a bill to amend the Constitution of the State of North Carolina," was read three times in each house of the said General Assembly, and agreed to by three-fifths of the whole number of members of each house respectively. And whereas, the bill so agreed to hath been duly published six months previous to the election of the members of this present General Assembly, according to the clause of section one of article four of the amended Constitution, and the directions contained in the second section of the said bill; and it is the intention, by this bill, to agree to the preamble and first section of the bill aforesaid, containing the said alteration of the Constitution of this State: And whereas, a large number of the people are disfranchised by the freehold qualification now required of voters for members of the Senate; therefore, *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, two-thirds of the whole number of members of each house concurring,* That the second clause of the third section of the first article of the amended Constitution, ratified by the people of North Carolina, on the second Monday of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-five, shall be amended to read as follows: "*Every free white man of the age of twenty-one years, being a native or naturalized citizen of the United States, and who has been an inhabitant of the State for twelve months immediately preceding the day of any election, and shall have paid public taxes, shall be entitled to vote for a member of the Senate for the district in which he resides.*"

And whereas, it was further provided by the said act, "That the foregoing amendment to the Constitution of this State, as embodied in the preceding section, be